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JULY 7, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



"THE GIRL WITH THE ROSE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HAROLD SPEED, EXHIBITED IN THE NEW GALLERY

THE GEOGRAPHIC

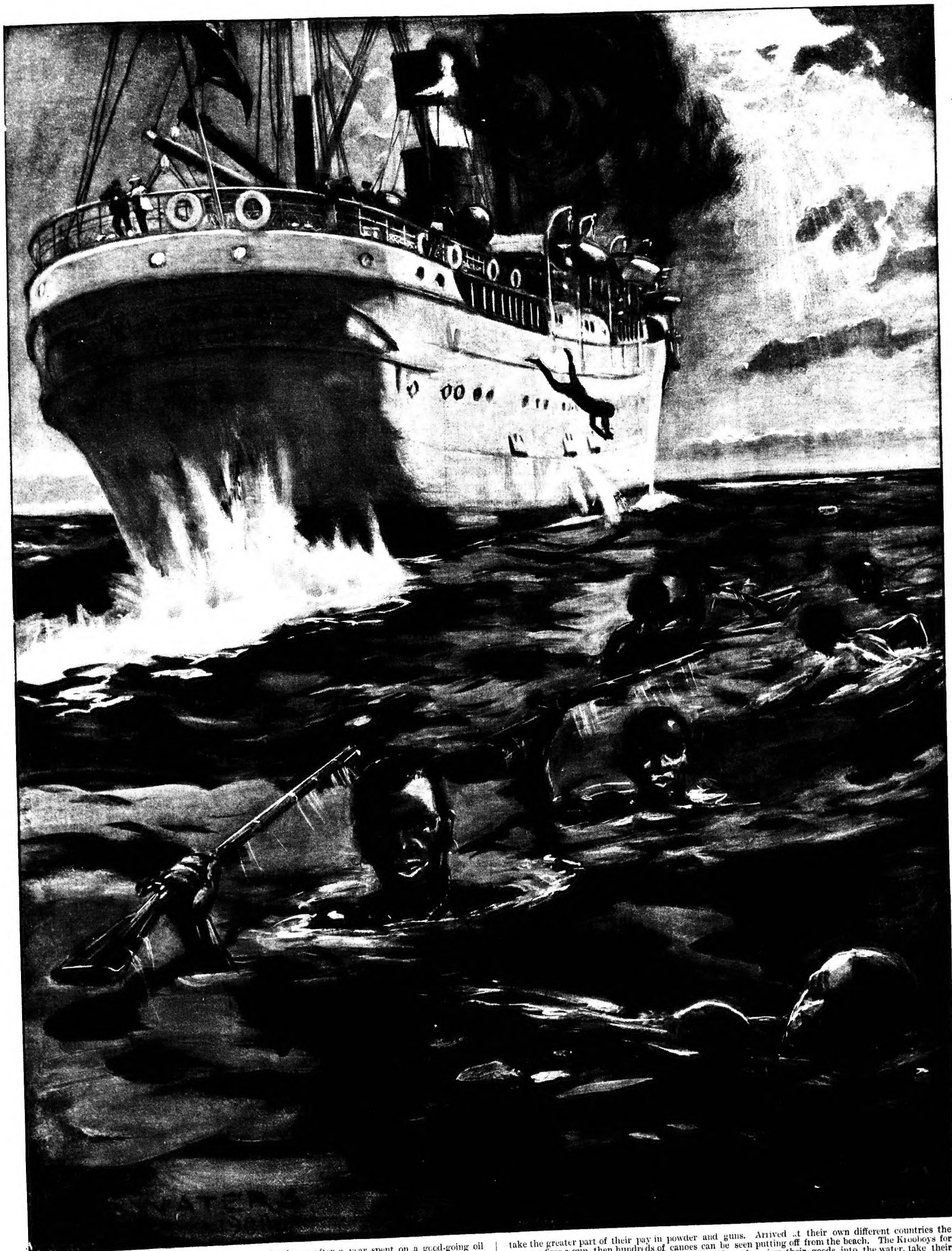
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,597.—Vol. LXII.] EDITION
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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
Frontispiece to Vol. LXI. and "Royal Henley"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



The grinning, fat, happy crowd of Krooboys, returning home after a year spent on a good-going oil river, are very different beings from the miserable, half-starved looking gang that arrives. Although worked very hard and paid very little—their remuneration averages from 10/- to 12/-—they very seldom grumble. Their "chop" (food) is given out to them each day—three cups of rice and a glass of rum. Once a fortnight they get a tierce of salt beef distributed among them, which amounts to three or four pounds to each man. The headman of the gangs—for there are several—receives three biscuits per day extra. The only fresh meat they have is composed of the flesh of suckers and rats. The former, they say, is "good too much" and the latter "sweet past fowl." The different tribes of Krooboys, although working peacefully together away from home, are in almost constant warfare in their own country, and generally

take the greater part of their pay in powder and guns. Arrived at their own different countries the steamer fires a gun, then hundreds of canoes can be seen putting off from the beach. The Krooboys for this place do not, however, wait for their arrival, but, throwing their goods into the water, take their guns in their hands, and, with a wild shriek, jump overboard, race for the canoes, and in turn race for the shore. The Krooboy is like a fish in the water, though the water is swarming with sharks. One boy we had on board had been out of the way when the gun fired, and when he appeared we were quite four or five miles from land, but this did not overawe him, for he coolly tied his things together on a piece of wood, and started to swim ashore, remarking before leaving that he would rather be "chopped raw by a shark" than "cooked by a Berrily boy."

HOW KROOBOYS COME HOME AFTER A YEAR'S WORK

DRAWN BY D. B. WATERS

Topics of the Week

The Madness of the Manchu

IT is becoming increasingly evident that the problem presented by the outbreak in China is not quite as colossal as was at first imagined. Although a spirit of unrest has been evoked all over the Empire, and anti-foreign feeling has manifested itself in the southern and central provinces as well as in Manchuria, the real trouble seems to be limited to Peking and to the immediate *entourage* of the Imperial Manchu clansmen who have seized the helm of State. The Manchu, as Mr. Colquhoun reminds us in his excellent book, "The Overland to China," which has been published this week, has always been more exclusive than the ordinary Chinaman. He was, indeed, the instructor of the Chinese in that spirit of exclusiveness which we unfairly regard as characteristic of the whole people of the Middle Kingdom. The present outbreak is entirely his handiwork. The great provincial Viceroy has not yet followed Peking, and if the Powers are prompt and decisive in their action they are likely to keep the peace until a normal state of things has been restored. In a word, the idea that Europe is about to be confronted by untold millions of Yellow Men in arms bids fair to prove a delusion, and it is probable that the great bulk of the Chinese people will look on with their usual impassiveness while the alien white man punishes the scarcely less alien Manchu. It is not the Yellow Peril by which we are confronted, but a sudden fit of Manchu dementia. None the less the task before the Powers is by no means a small one. The Manchus have at their disposal all the trained military forces of the Empire, and they have also under their control the machinery of Government, which may still enable them to stir up mischief in the provinces. To subdue them a very considerable force will be required, and this force must be concentrated quickly, or else the semi-neutral Chinaman will, from very perplexity and fear, be compelled to throw in his lot with the Peking reactionaries. This is the immediate task before the Powers, and it is clear, from the large number of troops now being poured into Taku, that they have at last duly woken up to it. This task accomplished we have no fear of any further peril, unless the Powers, like the conquering Manchus before them and the acquisitive Mongols who preceded the Manchus, perpetrate the fatal blunder of aiming a blow at the integrity and independence of China. If they confine themselves to restoring the deposed Emperor or his legitimate heir, under guarantees for the safety of Europeans, the observance of treaties, and the good government of the Empire, there will, we feel convinced, be no further trouble. One condition, however, must be insisted upon, and that is that the Manchu clansmen, or, at any rate, those who have participated in the present outbreak, shall be deprived of all power of mischief. This condition is, happily, not one which is likely to be resented by the great mass of the Chinese people.

The Passing of Home Rule

ROBUST Home Ruler as Lord Crewe always has been, he finds it impossible to associate himself any longer with that political cult. The vagaries, inconsistencies, bitter antagonisms, and general foolishness of the Irish leaders did not weaken his faith in the "cause" they advocated. But when these men carried their hatred, real or simulated, of England so far as to vilify the gallant soldiers who have been spending their lives so freely in South Africa, Lord Crewe found that he could no longer maintain friendly relations with his Irish colleagues. Neither could he, as an honest man and a patriot, remain silent; had he done that, he would still have been reckoned one of the strongest buttresses of Home Rule. He has, therefore, availed himself of the first opportunity to make it known that if he, standing as a Liberal candidate, were asked to pledge himself to support Home Rule "he should certainly decline." The Irish Nationalists will, no doubt, pretend to make light of this defection, although Lord Crewe has been a name to conjure with on their perfervid lips. But his revolt means, as they know full well, a great deal more than the loss of a highly popular and wealthy Peer to their impecunious party. Lord Crewe has given voice to a large and growing bulk of feeling among the better sort of Radicals, and these will be influenced by his breaking away from Home Rule to exhibit the same courage. Nor would it be at all surprising if Lord Rosebery were to take an early opportunity of finally "cutting the painter" which has too long tethered the once great Liberal party to a cause which has now come to be closely associated with something very closely resembling high treason.

WHILE it is as natural as laudable that the national mind and conscience should have been deeply stirred by Mr. Burdett-Coutts's terrible revelations, there seem to be some danger of this sentiment overshadowing justice and common sense. No one disputes that the medical officers at Bloemfontein made the utmost use of all

appliances at their disposal, nor is it questioned that every endeavour was strained to increase the supply of requisites. The real gist of the charge brought against the departmental chiefs, the War Office, and the Government is that, although warned beforehand that enteric and dysentery would be sure to break out badly, they did not make adequate arrangements for meeting the attack. They are farther charged with lack of prevision, although ample evidence proves the contrary. Dealing, then, with the more serious and substantial accusation, that of inadequate preparedness at Bloemfontein, it remains to be ascertained whether anything beyond what was done to equip the hospitals with requisites could have been accomplished. Lord Roberts, on arrival and for several weeks afterwards, had to restore mobility to his army by hurrying up supplies and horses from Cape Town. When that tremendous work was finished, all available transport was needed for the huge reinforcements which had accumulated at the base, and which were urgently required at the front. Long before that process came to an end, disease had clutched firm hold of the troops, many hundreds were stricken with enteric simultaneously, throwing a tremendous strain upon the medical staff, and it was then that the member for Westminster witnessed the scenes he has, perhaps, too graphically described. As the Government instantly acceded to Lord Roberts's request for a special committee of inquiry, it is greatly to be hoped that controversy will be hushed pending the report of this investigating body. There looks to be some risk of party spirit being imported into the disputation, and if that were to happen it is very certain that the truth would not be arrived at without very great difficulty.

Sovran Woman and Her Bicycle

WHY is it that feminine cyclists meet with an undue proportion of accidents compared with male riders? There is no question that this is the case, while as mishaps consequent upon scorching down dangerous hills are almost exclusively confined to men, the wheelwoman ought to present quite microscopic appearance in the casualty record. Unfortunately, she is prone to some perilous practices when riding in streets which are abjured by the rougher sex. Instead of concentrating her attention on the business in hand, the steering of her machine so as to avoid slippery patches, and the maintenance of vigilant watch for vehicles dashing round sharp corners, she seeks to cultivate "the harvest of the quiet eye." It may be a fetching costume on the adjacent side pavement which catches her eye, or, perchance, a passing friend has to be acknowledged by a smile and a bow, or a new millinery emporium cannot be passed without a glance. These and other temptations abound in the streets, and they are very largely answerable for mishaps to the more expert lady cyclists. The less expert suffer mainly through loss of nerve—what men brutally call "losing their heads"—at critical moments. Some unforeseen peril suddenly presents itself, calling for the instant exercise of presence of mind, and there being none of that in stock the unfortunate feminine almost invariably does the very thing she ought not to have done. The best advice we can give to novices is to refrain from riding in much-frequented thoroughfares until they have become experts, while our counsel to proficients must be to imitate the tyrant man, if they will condescend to do so out of regard for their own personal safety, by never permitting their minds or eyes to wander from the work they have in hand, except on country roads.

A Colossal Disaster

IT is one of the strangest, and certainly the most painful, of the peculiarities of the United States that its disasters are on a colossal scale. When a great fire occurs in England, or even in Canada, we are all horrified if one or two persons lose their lives. In the States the victims of fires are counted by dozens, or by hundreds. Until detailed accounts and drawings have arrived by mail it is impossible to guess how a fire, beginning with so apparently trivial a cause, could have effected so much destruction under conditions which were apparently most adverse. When a crowded theatre or a hotel catches fire, it is intelligible that lives should be lost; but in this case, the fire broke out on the pier, and most of the lives were lost on ships moored off the pier. Why it was not possible for all the ships to sheer off as one of their number did, cannot, of course, yet be known. Nor is it apparent why, after the ships caught fire, the attempts to rescue the crews met with so little success. That there was some lack of discipline on board, possibly due to the absence of the officers, seems clear, and there is also a suspicion that, in the madness of the first alarm, mistakes were made which doomed men to destruction who could easily have saved themselves. All these points will, doubtless, be brought out by full inquiry. For the moment it is only possible to express our sympathy with the families of the men who have perished, and with those survivors who will bear to their graves the marks of the terrible ordeal through which they have passed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The Court

WINDSOR CASTLE has been full of visitors within the last week. The most important guest was the Khedive, whose deferred visit to the Queen was carried out directly His Highness was well enough to travel. His reception was quite a State function. The Duke of York escorted the Khedive from town, while the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian welcomed him at Windsor Station, where the Mayor and Corporation and a guard of honour from the Grenadier Guards were also waiting. Escorted by Life Guard Abbas Pasha and the Dukes drove up to the Castle in an open carriage with four greys, the inhabitants along the route turning out to cheer him. Her Majesty received her guest in the Audley Room, Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg sat with the Queen, and after the Khedive had presented his brother, Prince Mehmet Ali, and his suite, he was escorted to his room—the Lancaster Tower. These handsome apartments are generally assigned to important Royal visitors, and enjoy a lovely view of the Long Walk and the Park. Later the Khedive went with the Duke of York to see the Prince Consort's Home Farm and the Royal Dairy, while the Queen was out driving with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. There was a State Banquet at night in the Khedive's honour, the Queen entertaining some 30 guests in the large dining-room overlooking the North and East Terraces. Some of the finest Royal gold plate was brought out for the occasion, including the famous silver gilt punch-bowl made for George IV. Prince and Princess Christian and their daughter, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Salisbury, with Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and the Turkish Ambassador joined the Royal party at dinner, the band of the Grenadier Guards playing during the meal. Her Majesty's private band played before the Queen and her guests in the drawing-room after dinner. The meeting between the Queen and the Egyptian Prince was most cordial, and as souvenirs of their visit Her Majesty invested the Khedive with the Royal Victorian Order and his brother with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Egyptian Princes left next morning.

Most of the Queen's other guests have been official. The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda came down to dine and sleep, the Secretary of State for India and Lady George Hamilton being invited for the same evening, while several Ministers arrived for the Council held by Her Majesty. On Saturday, also, the Queen knighted ten gentlemen. The Bishop of Ripon spent Saturday to Monday at the Castle to preach before Her Majesty and the Royal Family on Sunday in the private chapel, and Prince Arthur of Connaught came from Eton to lunch, as usual, on Sunday.

So good a gentleman-farmer as the Prince of Wales naturally had a fine stock to show at the annual sale of sheep and cattle from the Sandringham farms. The Prince and numerous friends went down in time for the parade of the beasts on the previous evening at Wolferton, taking tea in the verandah of the recreation room. At the sale next fifty-five heads of fine Shorthorns and some 100 Southdowns were brought to the hammer, realising high prices. The Princess was not at the sale, but joined the Prince on Saturday at Norwich to open the new Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children. They came to town on Monday for the Prince to preside at the special meeting of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, called to consider the proposal for acquiring the late site of the Bluecoat School, Newgate Street. In the evening the Prince and Princess entertained the Khedive at dinner, and later attended the State Concert at Buckingham Palace. The Prince was at the reception of the Khedive at the Guildhall next day. The Princess goes to the Opera nearly every evening, accompanied either by Princess Victoria or by the Duchess of Fife.

Besides the State Concert there has been a Levée this week, the last of the season, being held by the Duke of York.

Our Egyptian guest has left us after a fortnight's stay. As soon as he was convalescent the Khedive worked hard to fulfil as much as possible of the programme arranged for his stay. The visit to the Queen being the first item, calls were exchanged with the various members of the Royal Family, and numerous social visits were paid. Abbas Pasha's only important public appearances, however, were at the State Concert and the Guildhall, where he was received in State by the Lord Major and Corporation, and presented with the Freedom of the City. The Khedive drove about London, seeing the chief sights privately, and left on Wednesday, via Dover, for Switzerland.

Love-matches are becoming quite common events in the Austrian Imperial House, formerly so noted for its rigid etiquette and adherence to precedent. After the Crown Princess Stephanie, espousing a simple nobleman, comes the romance of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's morganatic marriage with a bride not of Royal blood—the lovely Countess Sophie Chotek. As heir to the throne the Archduke was naturally expected to make an important match, but love has carried the day, and the Emperor's sanction seals a union which is very considerably condemned from a State point of view. Before, however, Archduke Francis could take his bride, he was obliged to make a formal declaration before the Emperor and the chief Court officials that he renounced all the rights of a Royal Consort for the Countess, and of heirship to the throne for the children of the union. The marriage itself, therefore, was a very quiet affair, solemnised in the private chapel of one of the Imperial residences, Castle Reichstadt in Bohemia. The Archduchess Maria Theresa proposed the bridal couple's health at the wedding breakfast.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

SPECIAL NUMBERS.

POST FREE, TWOPENCE EACH.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR.

PART I.

WITH "BOBS" TO BLOEMFONTEIN

PART II.

WITH "BOBS" TO PRETORIA

From Photographs and Sketches by the numerous Artists and Photographers on the Staff.

Issued by the Proprietors of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC," MILFORD LANE, STRAND.

OLIVIA.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

Portsmouth Dockyard, in addition to the work of preparing for mobilising, is just now—as regards the depôts and ships—busy organising drafts for China. Our illustration shows boys' kits being mustered on a jetty before completion for service in China.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FAR EAST: PREPARING NAVAL DRAFTS FOR CHINA AT PORTSMOUTH



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

Describing the last attack made by the Boers on Mafeking, Major Baillie writes:—"In the attack on the stadt the advanced party, under Eloff, composed mainly of foreigners, set fire to the huts—which are extremely combustible—and pushed forward against the B.S.A.P. Fort, trusting to their supports to follow them. They reckoned, however, without the Baralongs and our flanking forts. The Baralongs, disregarding the advanced party, under Silas Milemo and Lekoko, closed round in rear of the advance and opened a heavy fire on the supports, who also received attention from the forts on either flank, with the result that they fled forthwith, leaving their companions to their fate. The Baralongs then turned their attention to collecting the Boers who had remained in the stadt, into two bodies, cutting them off from

water and closing round them. At this species of fighting the Baralong excels, and one of these parties of Boers was the first to lay down its arms towards the evening. The other party was allowed to break away, and the fugitives shot as they went. In the half light and confusion which reigned the Boers were mistaken for natives deserting the burning stadt and rallying on the fort; and it was not until the garrison of the B.S.A.P. Fort were covered by their rifles and made to throw up their hands that they realised that it was the enemy. To fight was impossible, and it only remained to surrender." As will be remembered Eloff was himself surrounded afterwards, and surrendered to his former prisoners.

THE LAST ATTACK ON MAFKING: GOOD SERVICE BY THE BARALONGS



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

In Peking the main streets have a raised causeway running down the centre, along which a constant stream of carts, mules, ponies, and camels flows all day long. On each side of this causeway is an open

drain, into which all the filth and refuse of the city is thrown, and dogs and kites being the only scavengers, a Chinese street on a warm day is far from pleasant

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: A TYPICAL STREET IN PEKING



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

Lieutenant-General Baden Powell, when he had made his nightly rounds and at length retired for a few hours' rest, used to sleep on a camp bed under the verandah of his house. The net shown in the illustration is for the purpose of keeping off the mosquitoes. The central figure, addressing General

Baden-Powell, is Major Panzera, who commanded the artillery in Mafeking, while on the left is an orderly. It was remarked that, however early officers might be in going to the General for orders, etc., he was always ready for them

"B.P.'S" LIFE IN MAFEKING: AN EARLY MORNING VISITOR



SIGNOR GIUSEPPE SARACCO
New Italian Premier



THE LATE MR. RICHARD MALLOCK
Formerly M.P. for Torquay



THE LATE MR. COWASJEE DINSHAW, C.I.E.
Leading merchant at Aden



THE LATE MR. CECIL F. SITWELL
Killed at Sankandi

Our Portraits

MR. RICHARD MALLOCK died of heart disease whilst cycling in Fife on June 29. Mr. Mallock, who was fifty-six years old, held a commission in the Royal Artillery from 1865 to 1875, when, upon succeeding to the large estate of Cockington, near Torquay—owned by the Mallocks for 250 years—he resigned. From 1886 to 1895 Mr. Mallock sat in Parliament as the Conservative representative of the Torquay Division. In conjunction with Mr. Chamberlain, Sir James Kankin, and Dr. Hunter, he formulated an old age pension scheme. He was a J.P., D.L., and a member of the Devon County Council. He is succeeded as Lord of the Manor of Cockington by his eldest son, Lieutenant C. H. Mallock, R.A., who attained his majority last year, and who is at present stationed at Ipswich. Our portrait is by R. K. Durrant and Sons, Torquay.

Mr. Cecil Frederick Sitwell, Commissioner on the Gambia, who was killed at Sankandi, June 14, served in the Mercantile Marine and the Royal Naval Reserve, and from 1889 to 1892 was Secretary and A.D.C. to the Governor of the Windward Islands, the Hon. Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, now Governor of Natal. In 1894 Mr. Sitwell served on the Gambia against Fodi Silah, a noted slave-trading chief. He was awarded the medal for the Gambia Expedition, and has been one of the commissioners there for seven years.

Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw, C.I.E., who died of cholera at Bombay on June 23, was a leading resident at Aden for the past half-century, and the news of his death will be received with much regret by the large number of friends which he possessed in this country, to which

he has been a constant visitor. Scarcely anyone who has had occasion to visit Aden in an official or business capacity for years past will fail to have come in contact with Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw; his hospitality was unstinted. Whoever obtained his advice and assistance locally received the benefit of an experienced judgment and a life-long knowledge of Aden and the surrounding countries. Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw was on all special occasions the chosen leader of the native community at Aden. In this capacity he presented the loyal address from the Settlement to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when he landed at Aden on his way to India in 1875, and it fell to him to similarly welcome successive Viceroys of India. He received a well-merited honour in the bestowal of the Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire upon him in 1894. Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw was held in high esteem among Parsees, and was distinguished as a most generous supporter of deserving charities. The death of his wife three years ago affected him deeply, and he has been in failing health ever since. He has been obliged of recent years to give up continued residence at Aden. He spent last winter in Europe, only returning to India in March last, and he died at Bombay on Saturday, 23rd inst., from cholera.

Signor Giuseppe Saracco is the new Premier of the Italian Cabinet. He was born at Acqui, in Piedmont, eighty years ago. Signor Saracco commenced his political life in 1851 as member of the Subalpine Parliament. In 1862 he was Under Secretary of State for Public Works under the late Signor Depretis. In 1864 Signor Selle appointed him Under Secretary for the Finances. Signor Saracco became for the first time Minister of Public Works in April, 1887. He was created Senator in 1865, and since 1898 he has occupied the

position of President of the Senate. During the last ten years, when ministerial crises have arisen, the King has several times asked Senator Saracco to form a Cabinet, but he has hitherto always refused. Signor Saracco is considered one of the most competent financiers of the kingdom. He belonged originally to the old Left, but for some years he has been recognised as voicing the Conservative Party.

A Catalogue de Luxe

We have received a very interesting reminiscence of the "International Exhibition of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," held at Knightsbridge last year, in the form of an Edition de Luxe of the Exhibition Catalogue. It is a handsome quarto volume, containing an extensive collection of admirable reproductions of the principal pictures shown, and one is very glad to be so pleasantly reminded of what was an exceedingly interesting show. In addition to the ordinary process reproductions, though these are well reproduced, the catalogue contains twenty photogravure plates of the more important pictures, and these are so excellent in their quiet tone that one is inclined to say that the originals must have gained rather than lost in the process of reproduction. To judge by two facsimile letters which appear with the catalogue, even so exacting a critic as Mr. Whistler is more than satisfied with the justice done to his two pictures. The volume, which is issued at one guinea and at three guineas, is entirely London work, and is printed and published for the International Society by W. H. Ward and Co.

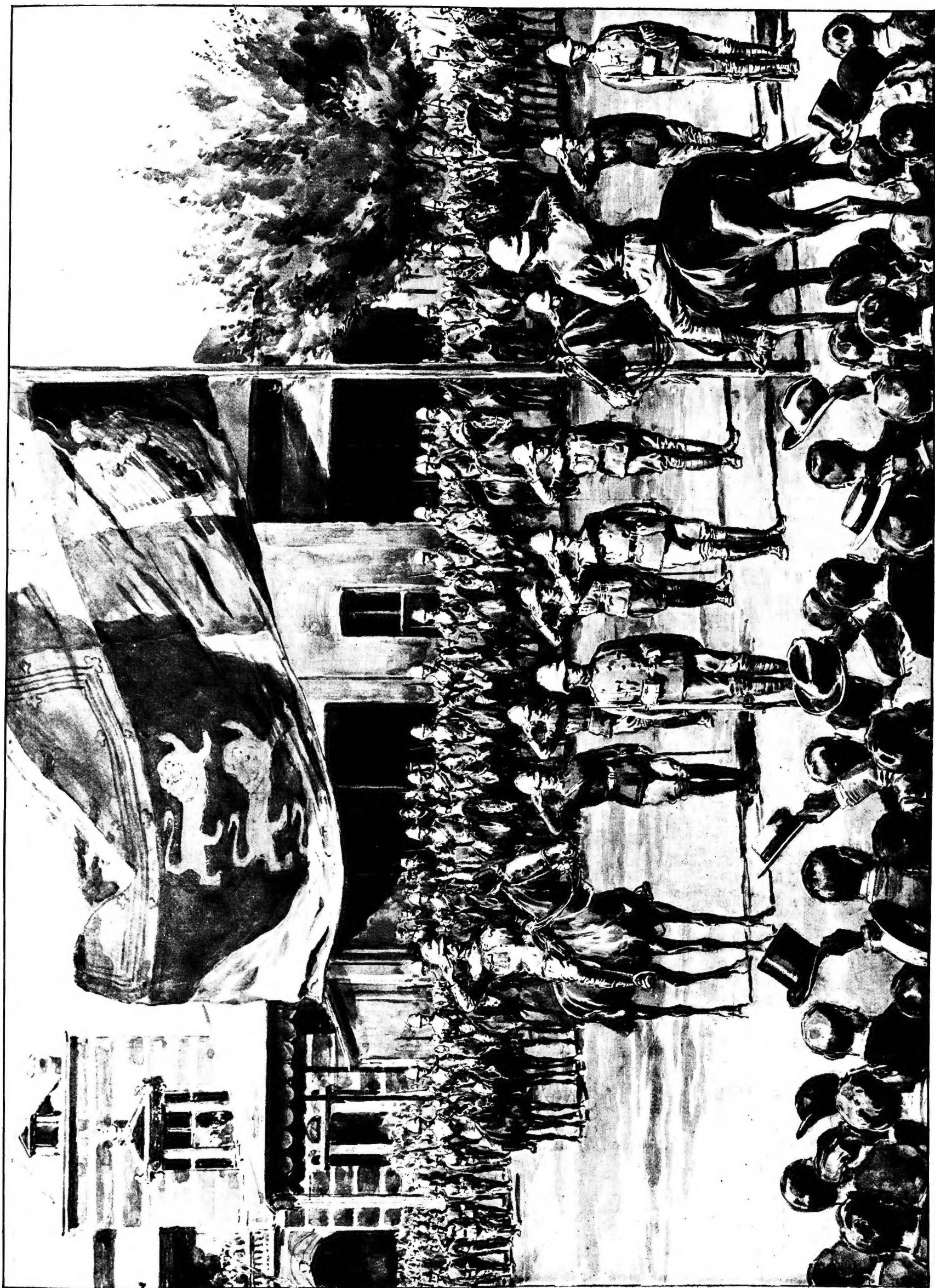


The sixth annual summer fête of the Ladies' Kennel Association was held last week in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park. The Princess of Wales, who exhibited in the borzoi, collie, and basset-hound classes, was mainly successful in the latter, where her well-known dog, Sandringham Locket, carried off many first and special prizes. Chief honours in the Skye-terrier classes fell to Mrs. Hughes. In the Pomeranian section, which had an especially heavy entrance, Miss Chell, Miss Gillett, and Mrs. Hall Walker carried off some of the most important awards. In borzois Mrs. Musgrave was well

to the front. In Japanese spaniels, which is a very popular breed at the present time, Mrs. C. M. Hall and Mrs. H. B. Samuelson took prizes. In the fawn pug classes, where there was close competition, Mrs. Mayo and Miss Little were chiefly successful. On Saturday, which was the last day, there was a competition for children's pet dogs, and subsequently a grand muster and special military parade of the Dogs' Brigade, which collected 3,000 towards the War Fund.

THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW: FINAL TOILETS BEFORE THE JUDGING

DRAWN BY PHIL EBBUTT



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

At noon on May 28, the men of the 6th Division under Gen. Kelly-Kenny, formed up in Market Square, Bloemfontein, when Gen. Fretyman, the Military Governor, read the proclamation annexing the Orange Free State, and declaring it to be British territory under the name "Orange River Colony." Lord Acheson hoisted the Royal Standard, and the National Anthem was sung, after which three cheers were given for the Queen, Lord Roberts, and the British Army. A salute of twenty-one guns concluded the ceremony.

THE FORMAL ANNEXATION OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE: SALUTING THE ROYAL STANDARD AT BLOEMFONTEIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BRITISH TELESCOPE AND PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY

Village of Brandfort



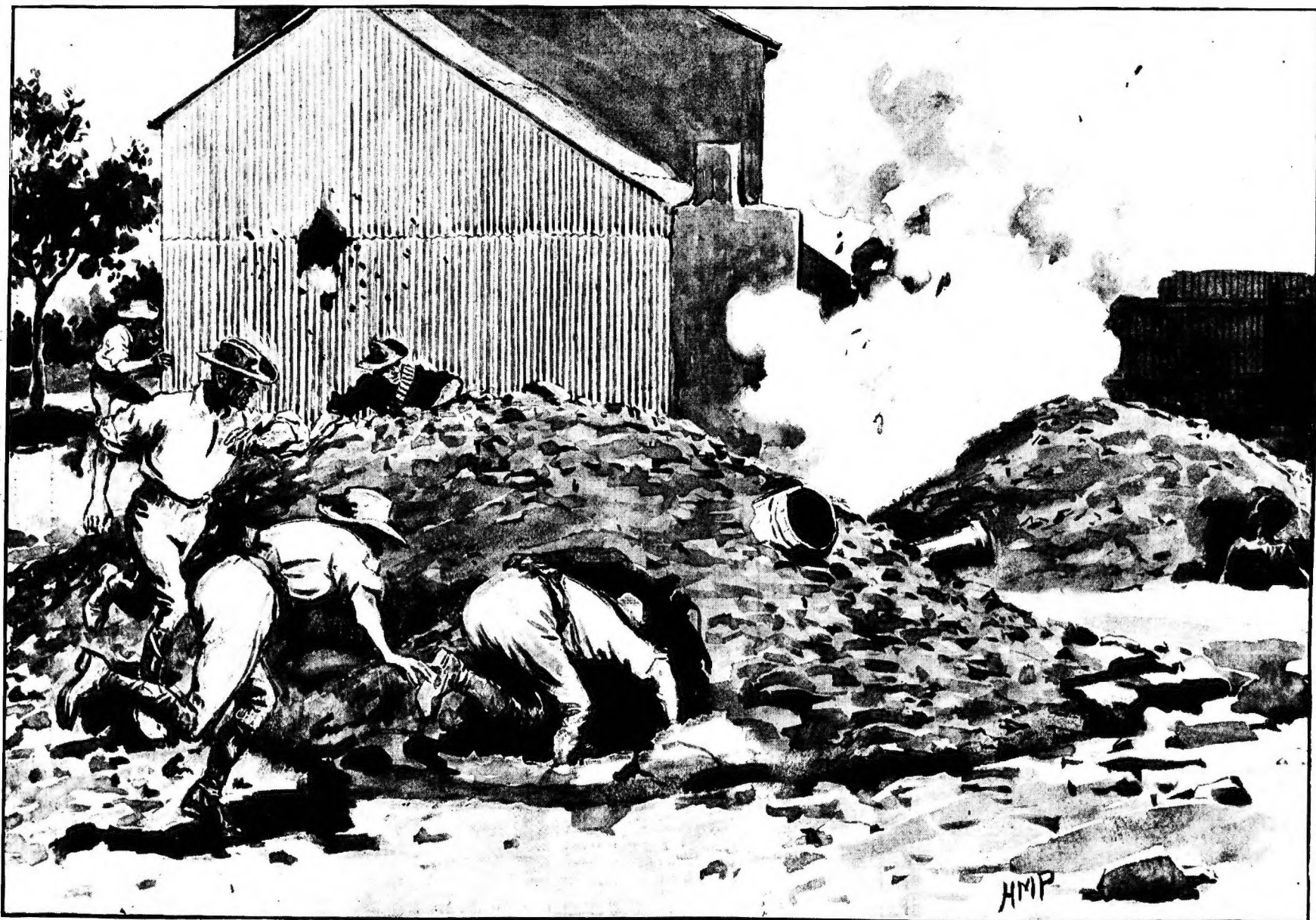
DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF RIMINGTON'S GUIDES

The charge of Rimington's "Tigers" near the village of Brandfort (writes a Correspondent) was a very smart and successful affair, and called forth a special message of thanks from General Hutton, who witnessed it. The enemy was the notorious Irish Brigade, and the position held was a big doubled-headed hill close to the village. On approaching the hills, the rear troop of the guides was detailed to stop and

engage the enemy with volleys from their carbines, while the remainder of the men charged the right-hand kopje at full speed. This method of taking a hill is about the best yet known to us, for the enemy's attention is thus distracted between the firing and the charging parties. In the present instance the Irish Brigade took to their horses after a sharp fusillade, and the position was rushed in five minutes.

RIMINGTON'S TIGERS V. THE IRISH-AMERICAN BRIGADE: CHARGING THE ENEMY NEAR BRANDFORT



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

When shells fell persistently in one part of the town, there was a general scamper for the "dug-out." These were holes in the ground covered over with loose stones and sand, and ventilated with drain-pipes or barrels with the bottoms knocked out. The underground shelters were the only safe places at times.

DODGING SHELLS AT MAFEKING: OFFICERS BOLTING INTO THEIR "DUG-OUT"

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CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.
Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK



"Awake, fool!" he called, and struck on an upper casement with his whip. "Awake, fool! The game is up. The redcoats are out. Get you to the island, and warn my father." The Innkeeper's head appeared, crowned with a tasselled nightcap.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(continued)

OUTSIDE the house Warburton mounted his horse and rode from the gates with no elation, but with a certain solid satisfaction as of a duty discharged. It was characteristic of him that he cast no backward glance at his own decision and achievement; that he had saved Nicholas Carmichael at his own expense did not trouble him. He never considered it; his nature was too plain and simple, above all too arrogant and firm. He turned his horse's head towards Marlock, pointing down the valley.

As he passed through the gates the horseman who was in waiting, beneath the huge elms that bordered the road, struck spurs into his animal and followed after him.

"Tis as I thought," said Nicholas Carmichael to himself, his temper lashed into a frenzy; "he has spoke at last, and there remains but one thing. By God in Heaven, I have two matters against him that spell Death."

Warburton sprang away at a gallop, and his pursuer struck viciously at his horse to sharpen his pace, for there were but a hundred yards between the unconscious rider and his enemy. The road lapsed out of the blind chasm of trees and was visible, a grey thread winding downwards into a hollow of darkness. At this point the two were not fifty paces separate, and Warburton, with the noise of another rider in his ears, turned in his saddle. As he did so there came a voice from the pit before him, "Halt."

The challenge rang out, brisk, sudden, startling, on the night, and involuntarily Warburton reined in, the horse staggering and slipping on the descent until it came to a stop in the centre of a group of men.

"What is this?" demanded Warburton; and then, making out the uniform of a military officer, "Are you gentlemen footpads that you stop one on the King's highway?" he added.

"Is it Mr. Warburton?" inquired the officer. "Pardon me. The light is damnable. If 'tis you, sir, we are doing nothing but our duty. 'Tis my misfortune to have to arrest you. I am from Edgecombe."

"The devil!" cries Warburton, starting, and was silent awhile. "What foolish business is this?" he asked next. "There is some mistake committed."

"I fear not, Mr. Warburton," answered the officer. "I am

acting upon the authority of a warrant issued by Mr. Powis, of Laycross."

Warburton laughed harshly. "Damme, I must be pinched to see if I am awake. What charge? I demand your warrant."

"You shall see it, sir," said the officer civilly, "for, by your leave, I will conduct you to Mr. Powis, who lives by here, I am told. Sergeant, form and forward. Mr. Warburton, I hope you will accompany me as a friend might, and not a prisoner."

Warburton was about to give an angry answer, and pull at his beast, but a glance at the party round him changed his intention. He was bewildered at this remarkable turn in affairs, and suffered himself to be led back upon the way to Laycross without remonstrance, even without a word. The horseman who had followed him had seen the meeting from the patch of darkness in which he sheltered, and, upon the movement of the soldiery, twisted his bridle and galloped hard in the direction of Marlock. Arrived in the village, he rattled under the window of the Three Feathers, where the signboard swung creaking in the night-winds.

"Awake, fool!" he called, and struck on an upper casement with his whip. "Awake, fool! The game is up. The redcoats are out. Get you to the island, and warn my father."

The innkeeper's head appeared, crowned with a tasselled nightcap. "Mr. Carmichael, is't you, sir? You scared me. Oh my God, the soldiers! I cannot do it by myself. Whither go you, sir?"

Nicholas Carmichael held up two fingers under the light, and both were stained with blood. "I have two counts, and both are death," he said. "Get you gone, as I bid," with which he vanished again into the night.

Meanwhile, the cavalcade conducting Warburton reached Laycross, and, after the usual ceremonies, the captain of the troop with two of his men and Warburton were admitted into the justice's room. Mr. Powis sat where Warburton had left him, reading from the same book, and his face and voice were as quiet as ever.

"Whom have we here, Captain Rash?" he asked. "A prisoner? Not a prisoner, surely, Mr. Warburton? You are of a house that should not suffer this disgrace."

"I have yet to learn, sir, by what right I am arrested, and on what charge," said Warburton stormily.

Mr. Powis turned to the officer. "Your warrant, sir," and taking the paper, which was handed to him in silence, perused it carefully. "You are charged herein to take the person of one, Roger Warburton, lodging in the Three Feathers, on the suspicion of participation in a conspiracy against His Gracious Majesty." He folded the paper and returned it to the soldier. "'Tis correct, as it should be, seeing I drew it myself," he said coolly, and looked his prisoner squarely in the face.

"Conspiracy!" broke out Warburton in amazement.

"A case of accessory after the fact, at the least, I am told. That is the information sworn to," said Mr. Powis.

Warburton's head went round. Was this a cunning mood on the part of the Carmichaels to hold him in bondage until they were ready for him? No; that idea was quite impossible, seeing that only his instant and secret death could help them.

"May I ask you swore the information?" he asked at length.

"That I may not say," said the magistrate. "This warrant authorises your arrest, and"—he paused—"that you may be searched."

the magistrate. "Will you take my word, sir, that all I produce is all that I have on me," he said slowly. Mr. Powis met his gaze. "Yes," he answered, after a momentary pause. "We desire to humiliate no one in the exercise of our duty, least of all one of your position, sir."

Warburton turned out the contents of his pockets, which the magistrate formally examined; then, after a quarter of an hour's silence, he looked up at the prisoner. "Is there nothing else?" he asked. "Have I your word that there is nothing else?"

Warburton uttered a sharp laugh, and, withdrawing a letter from his breast, threw it down on the table. "There is only this letter addressed to yourself, sir," he said.

Mr. Powis took it up. "Ah! indeed," he said. "I have to thank you for playing messenger to me." He turned to the officer. "Captain Rash, you are required to hold this gentleman in the village until the examination is complete; there are yet his effects at the inn, and, as you may need my presence, I will ride with you."

Warburton walked to the window and looked out on the garden, where the moon was rising late. He was a prisoner, and Chloris waited by the broken chapel on the desolate dunes.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REVENUE SLOOP

WARBURTON waited impatiently in the custody of the soldiers at Marlock until he should be released. As he strode up and down the bare room that was his prison, he recognised at last what his arrest had meant, for the examination of his effects could only have been ordered in the hope of finding some compromising evidence. Undoubtedly that was Bonaparte's letter, and whose had struck at him thus was aware of the existence of the letter. Only by an accident it was not upon his person, for he had given it to Chloris, with instructions to destroy it, and, no doubt, by this time, a little fluttering dust of ashes, it was scattered to the sands. But who had knowledge of his secret? Again, he dismissed the idea that the Carmichaels were responsible for his arrest, for they would be mad indeed so to endanger their own safety. And now what irritated him more than all was the return of Chloris's letter to the magistrate. He had completely failed, for the irony of fortune had delivered him into the very hands from which he would have escaped. The reason of Mr. Powis's calmness, as well as of his kindness under the outrage was apparent now, seeing that his own escape had been impracticable, and that the justice had known he was but marching upon his fate. His mission had ended



"He took from his pocket the paper, unfolded it, and perused the writing again"

in disaster, and by a strange turn of the wheel he was himself the medium by which the law was to be acquainted with the crimes of the Carmichaels. Yesterday he would have contemplated the fact with equanimity, even with satisfaction, if not with actual triumph; but to-day, fresh from his enterprise and under the spur of his new and altered emotions, he chafed against the accident which had given Nicholas Carmichael to justice.

In the midst of these meditations the door of his chamber opened, and Mr. Powis entered.

"I have great satisfaction in informing you, sir," he said in an official manner, "that nothing has been found which is in any way prejudicial to you; nothing, in short, such as we were led to believe would be found."

Warburton bowed stiffly. "And now, sir, perhaps you will allow me my liberty," he said coldly.

"Forgive me, sir, but you forget something, surely," said Mr. Powis. "There was something else between you and me. One score is settled in your favour, I am pleased to say, but what of the other?"

"I understood that that was a private matter between us," replied Warburton haughtily. "I am no common pickpocket."

Mr. Powis took a pinch of snuff. "If you were to ask me in my capacity as a private gentleman, I should say no, Mr. Warburton, but I am more than that," he said. "What happened touches me in another quality. I am also a justice of the peace."

"Of which I have heard a great deal," retorted Warburton with a sneer. "You have spoken of your London experiences, sir, but it seems to me you smack rather of a pettifogging country attorney."

"Is that how it strikes you?" asked Powis imperturbably. "I had not thought of myself in that light, but rather as one who endeavoured to do you a good turn and warn a headstrong young gentleman from his folly."

"You are very good, sir," says Warburton with icy politeness. "I pray God I may meet men such as you to take refuge with such ceremony behind the forms of law."

Mr. Powis considered him without animosity. "Will you tell me this," said he; "why it is you came to rob me of that letter?"

Warburton was silent, feeling too angry to suffer these cross questions. "I may tell you, Mr. Warburton," went on the magistrate, "that I took the liberty of opening the letter which was addressed to me, and have read the contents. What I should like to know is, why you desired me to give up that communication unread?"

"If you have read it, sir, you have the answer," said Warburton bluntly.

Powis shook his head. "I fear not," he said; and he took from his pocket the paper, unfolded it, and perused the writing again. "Unless I am very stupid," he observed, "there is nothing here to call for your interference."

"Good God, man!" cried Warburton impatiently, "are you mad? You have read it. Can you not see what the girl has done? What, isn't nothing to deliver up your own blood, right or wrong? I would have spared her that memory. She was distraught; 'tis a poor, mad child. I would do it again, but it is too late." He glanced at the guards, and the open letter in the magistrate's hands, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"But, faith, Mr. Warburton, you perplex me," said the other with a little pleasant laugh. "Know you what is written here? I believe you cannot. This Nicholas Carmichael is no friend to you?"

"He is a bitter foe," said Warburton gloomily.

"Why, then, you know what is here contained? I beg you read it," and he placed the letter in Warburton's hand. The latter obeyed, and when he was done, looked up.

"Well?" says Powis.

"Well?" echoed Warburton, "Nicholas Carmichael is no friend to me, but I know of nothing else. I tell you that she, poor girl, is sick of her senses, being ill. She is crazy upon this. I know no more."

"And yet, sir, you perilled your liberty to get this letter?" suggested Powis softly.

"I am my own master," said Warburton with dignity, and turned away.

The magistrate was silent, musing, with his gaze directed upon the averted head of his companion. Presently he spoke.

"Mr. Warburton," said he "it lies in my authority to have you held here for trial on a serious charge—of robbery. I do not see, I, who know the law, what other face this rash adventure of yours wears. It lies on me, I say, and yet—I speak as a private citizen of this great kingdom—I cannot find it in my heart to do so. I will not prosecute."

"Sir," said Warburton in astonishment.

"You are free, sir," said the magistrate.

Warburton was silent, eyeing him. "If I have said anything that moved you to this," he began.

Powis waved his hands. "You do not count," he interrupted, "'tis my whim. I cannot be for ever a justice."

"I thank you, sir," said the younger man. He moved with embarrassment, and, recalling the paper he had, made a gesture as if to offer it to the justice. "This belongs to you, sir."

"I have taken what is necessary from it," answered Powis slowly, "and in the ordinary course I suppose I should destroy it. Perhaps, Mr. Warburton, you would spare me the trouble."

A light of understanding danced in Warburton's eyes. "You are generous, sir," he said; "I will accept your offer," and he tore the paper into rags and scattered them on the floor. Then he looked at the other, as if with a new thought—"You will act on this mad information?" he asked.

Powis looked him full in the face. "You are a stranger on these coasts, sir," said he, "and I think you cannot know how this place is honeycombed with lawlessness. Perhaps you have heard something of a very rank reputation. Those who represent His Majesty can ill afford to throw chances away. Yet I know Sir Stephen Carmichael and regret my duty, as recently in your own case, Mr. Warburton. I trust that the one expedition may prove as vain and ineffectual as the other."

"I believe it will," said Warburton. "Yet I know not what adversary laid this snare for me."

"May be," said the magistrate, snuffing again, "maybe 'twas as you say is this other matter—a question of the hysteric."

Warburton started. "'Twas a woman!" says he, but Powis made no reply. "By God!" he said, "'twas Miss Holt, as I'm a living man." The justice still made no reply, and Warburton laughed. "The she devil; she's vulpine, I believe. What was her purpose?"

"Mr. Warburton, what was Miss Carmichael's purpose?" asked Powis suavely.

Warburton frowned. "I am greatly in your debt, sir," he said, "but as 'tis mighty early now, I will not keep you from your bed."

"On the contrary," said Powis quietly, "I am but beginning my day."

He indicated the window which had grown a blue-black patch upon the vanishing night; Warburton followed his gesture and saw some tiny lights breaking out in the bay, and threading busily about the dark outline of a hull. He saluted and went down into the loosening darkness.

Not twenty paces from the cottage which had been his gaol he caught sight of a woman's form, and his name was called softly.

"Chloris!" he cried in amazement.

"'Tis I, 'tis I," she whispered, springing upon him. "I could not wait for you so long. I followed here, and heard you were taken. Oh! why did they take you? 'Tis we that should be lodged in prison."

"You must not be seen here," he said hastily; "you will be seized otherwise, and examined by the justices. I was not able to stop your letter."

"Then indeed I rejoice," she answered warmly, "and I will stay and answer what questions they will. Now that you are here and under the protection of the soldiers you are safe, and I will abide with you."

"Poor child!" he exclaimed, "I am not under protection. I am newly let out of prison where I was on suspicion."

"Suspicion of what?" she asked.

Warburton grinned. "Suspicion that I was participator in some treason, suspicion of accessory."

"'Tis that business of Bonaparte's?" she asked, and broke out, "Did you speak the truth?"

"Nay," said Warburton grimly, "they searched my inn, but there was the letter in your hands, and burned; and, faith, they took nothing."

"'Tis not burned," she cried sharply, "and you told nothing?" He shook his head. "You have sacrificed yourself for those that hate you and would destroy you," she burst forth.

"Dammé, no," says Warburton bluntly, "but for one I love; and I have not sacrificed myself, neither."

She hung on his words greedily, hungrily, and swept her arms about him. "I will not have you peril yourself one hair's breadth more," she exclaimed. "Let Nick look to himself. You are worth much more than he."

"I care not a curse for him," said Warburton, "but the soldiers have been put on his track."

"What care I?" cried Chloris recklessly. "He has sought your life. 'Twas I informed of him."

"Aye," says Warburton, glancing at her, "and that is why I care, sweetheart. They must not take him."

"I will not budge one step to save him," she cried angrily.

"But not your father?" he asked.

Her face faltered. "He is my father," she murmured. "I remember how he has carried me in his arms."

Warburton pointed towards the sheet of darkness which was still all that marked the ocean, and the little lights he had formerly observed were running briskly on the blacker lump. "'Tis the revenue sloop," he said. "No doubt she has orders, and is for the island. They are at work hauling the anchors, and in an hour's time they will lie under Lynsea."

"They know not the caves," she murmured in dismay and agitation.

"They will seek them out," he replied. "They will make a thorough search, for your father and your brother lie there."

"Nicholas is abroad," she whispered. "He is seeking you."

"He will have his work against those that seek him," said Warburton. "Let him go his gait, but Sir Stephen and Philip—"

"I would spare them," she whispered. "Oh, my God, spare them."

"Come," commanded he, "we must get a boat."

"Whither are you bound?" she demanded in excitement.

"We are for Lynsea," he said.

Chloris Carmichael seized him by the arm. "You would go to warn my father?" she asked wistfully. "You who are the enemy of our race!"

"Fore God, dear, I am no enemy to you, as you should know," cried Warburton, with passion in his voice. "If every drop of blood that ran in you was foul and black, by Heaven, I would have you still, and that possession is a shield to any of your name."

Her face, suffused with a dim glory in the dissolving night, shone white, mystical, and lovely upon him—a pearl of such a quality as was visible of its own light; her full, fine eyes, like sparks, glittered and glowed.

"Though you gave nothing and took all, yet would I remember you," she murmured brokenly, "for you are my life, my house, and my honour. I have given freely, and I repent nothing. I would give again a thousand-fold, though you denied me as a beggar. You have stolen only that which I have yielded. See, my heart. Here I place my feet, and behold, I will not move one step to cross this channel and give warning in Lynsea. I have hollowed out my fortune and there lie I, uncomplaining, nay at peace, nay happy beyond the lot of women."

He drew her close. "You shall come with me, child; we will go to Lynsea."

"What do you go for?" she asked softly.

"I will spare your house and blood," said he quietly. "They are in my hands, and I spare them for your sake."

"I do not desire you to sacrifice this for me," she said, pleading. "Do as you will; 'twill be right and meet and just."

"Foolish!" he murmured tenderly. "Do you not see that what I might with justice bring upon them, it is not meet that you should."

She uttered a little cry. "My father!" she exclaimed in low tones. "Have I betrayed him? 'Twas only Nick."

"You shall save him," he said confidently.

"How? He is ill, he is stricken, and he cannot escape," she said in a melancholy voice.

"Child, child, bear up. Yonder is a boat," he said. "I will slip her moorings if you take the tiller."

She did as he commanded almost mechanically, and stared through the gloom in wonder and distress at the man. Warburton steered the boat off and set her sail, which drew with the faint wind slowly. "'Tis hot," said he, "there will be thunder. Child, keep your eyes upon the water; she falls away."

Chloris started as if from her sleep. "What do you go to do?" she asked in a whisper.

He gave a little laugh. "I have been cheated once, but I shall not be so again," he answered.

"'Tis Nicholas's boat," she said irrelevantly, glancing wide-eyed at the thwarts.

"He is on the mainland then?" said Warburton.

"He is hunting you," she said, and for a time there was silence. Warburton looked back, and the lights were still moving on the distant sloop. Out of the sea the wind was dropping, and very soon the calm would be here. The dawn was breaking grey, hot, and sultry.

"What will you do?" she asked for the third time.

"We must run for the caves," he answered her. "I will blow them all to powder."

"Blow them to powder!" she echoed, wondering, and then her figure quickly took an animation. "Let me set a jib," she cried; "we must make haste; oh, sir, you are generous. 'Tis noble in you."

"Pish, child," said Warburton, and looked back again.

Away, behind, under the shadowy cliffs of Marlock the lights ran to and fro like flies; they twinkled and moved forward. "She has set her sail, she is off," he exclaimed. "If she lose not the wind she will beat us."

Chloris uttered a cry, and, standing to her tall, full stature in the stern of the skiff, peered into the misty dawn.

(To be continued)

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE Ruskin Legend seems to be developing rather than subsiding. The Ruskin Union is anticipating a large addition to its membership; the Ruskin Halls of England and America (whatever Trades Unions and democratic leaders may say) are, so to say, fermenting interest in the ranks of the working men; the Union is formulating a scheme for raising a national memorial to the Master; while, at the Fine Art Society's gallery the personality of Ruskin, and his taste in art, have received further demonstration in the marvellous collection of Turner drawings and relics which he brought together. This exhibition contained also two extremely interesting drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn: the first, a view of Ruskin's bedroom hung with his Turners—probably the finest drawing in point of quality of colour which Mr. Severn ever made; and the second, perhaps the best portrait extant of the Professor in his patriarchal age and aspect. Add to this the volume of Ruskin's memories and table-talk which Mr. Severn has in hand; the volume of correspondence which Mrs. Severn has in contemplation, and the new book by Mrs. Alice Meynell; and, even if Mr. Wedderburn does not carry out the promised "Life," it will be seen that, as I said, there is little fear of Ruskin being forgotten in these days. Meanwhile, his works are being translated into French, with the original illustrations, and a biography is soon to appear in that language.

Never has the public been better served in the domain of the Art of the past and of yesterday. Besides the Romney and the Turner exhibitions, one vast and one little exhibition are here to raise the connoisseur to a pitch of ecstasy rarely before experienced. The former is, of course, the Wallace Gallery; the latter is the collection of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century, now on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club—for which display Ruskin, no doubt, would have professed a limited admiration. It will be remembered that the operations which this Club was founded to carry out were to a great extent superseded by the Royal Academy's Old Master exhibitions when they were established in 1870; but the Club has proceeded on its way notwithstanding, and this summer's achievement is not inferior to any that has gone before. These fifty examples of easel pictures of the great and little masters of Holland, include many of the finest in private hands—figure pictures, landscapes, sea-pieces. The treasures lent by such collectors as Captain Holford, Lord Northbrook (whose little Gerard Dow is so curiously like a J. M. W. Turner), Mr. Saling, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and Mr. Alfred Beit, form a whole which is irresistible.

Mr. Beit, by the way, seems to be forming a collection which may shortly take its place among the most famous. Certain it is that even now it is second to none in quality. His beautiful examples of Hobbema, Metsu, now to be seen in Savile Row, will, on their return home, have the companionship of that masterpiece by Reynolds—"Lady Cockburn and Her Children"—the loss of which from the National Gallery was duly lamented in my last "Causerie." We can only hope that it is not lost to the nation for ever; but that, like Gainsborough's "Dr. Schomberg" in the National Gallery, it may in the course of time be seen again in its old place on the walls. The price said to have been given for it—22,000l.—is doubtless the highest paid privately for a Reynolds. But what would "Nelly O'Brien" fetch to-day? The Marquis of Hertford paid 64l. 1s. for it at the Caleb Whitefoord sale in 1810.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, when presiding at the annual meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, looked charming in a mauve bonnet trimmed with pansies and a mauve boa. The beauty of her appearance was enhanced by the neatness of her coiffure. It is a constant surprise to me that more people do not follow her example in dress. The fantastic headdresses one sees everywhere in the street, and even in omnibuses, give a general impression of untidiness and tawdry show which is most unpleasing. The majority of Englishwomen have little or no taste or they would clearly recognise that a style of dress suited to great occasions, or the occupier of a carriage, is not suited to a pedestrian on a rainy day, or to one who cannot carry out her toilette efficiently in every detail. Chiffon hats, chiffon ruffles, and light muslins are only pretty when constantly renewed and perfectly fresh, and the workgirl, or domestic servant, can ill afford to spend so much on a fragile and destructible article. A neater style of dress would be both more appropriate and more becoming.

Girls being deprived of dancing this year have been obliged to content themselves with music. The opera continues to attract as brilliant an audience as ever, while concerts at Buckingham Palace and at a few private houses, of which Mr. Astor's was the most notable, have satisfied all tastes. Perhaps a concert is almost the best way of hearing singers, for those who like their music in homœopathic doses. The performers are varied, the songs are short, and the patience of the audience is not unduly tried. This is as it should be, for a fashionable English company is notoriously inattentive and prone to talk. In fact, we have scarcely yet outgrown the national idea that music serves as an excellent accompaniment to conversation. Abroad the most perfect silence is maintained and appreciated by the artists accordingly.

The opening to the public of the treasures of Hertford House is indeed a magnificent gift from a private person. Rarely, surely, have such priceless objects been collected together and chosen with such judgment and taste. The sight of them is an education in itself. There is something to please every one's taste. Whether we admire the fine realism of Dutch art, the vigour of Rembrandt or Velasquez, the beautiful women of Gainsborough and Reynolds, or the somewhat sickly sentimentalism and gaiety of Boucher, Lancret, Fragonard and Greuze, each characteristic of their epoch, and of the sentiments then prevalent, beauty is all around. We gaze on the most splendid furniture most artistically executed, on clocks, marvels of ingenuity and labour, on snuff-boxes, dainty enough for Kings to use, or on the quaint ivory necklace given by the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette to the fascinating and unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. There is armour, too, for those who are connoisseurs in such matters, and quaint weapons of all kinds. The whole scene, the large apartments, the size and range, the mass of fine objects, transport us from our utilitarian period to a time when people had leisure for art, when artists were honoured and esteemed, and when fine ladies would have scorned to surround themselves with anything common, ugly, or vulgar. There is no doubt, the taste engendered by the knowledge and companionship of the best that can be created or invented in art must refine and elevate its votaries. On the occasion of my visit I saw a number of artisans at their dinner-hour, availing themselves of the opportunity of beholding these treasures, and intelligently discussing and considering them.

Yet another clever professional man has fallen a victim to his labours in South Africa. Professor Tom Jones, one of the most skillful Manchester surgeons, has succumbed to enteric fever. His death will prove an immense loss. Personally, I owe to his skill the fact that I can walk, after a nasty fracture that necessitated his services. He had a curiously strong and intellectual face, with the firm, gentle hands and the kindly manner which seem almost always to accompany the personality of a great surgeon. Surgeons should be the happiest men in the world, for scarcely any one else has the power to give so much happiness and relief from suffering, and to confer such lasting benefits on the human race.

Soon everyone will be flying off to the country after a season that has been no season at all, and a summer which has been one of unsatisfactory samples. To those who are jaded and tired I would say go to Norway. No country in the world is so restful. The lovely scenery, the murmur of the lakes and rivers, with their foaming, swirling waterfalls, the silence and solitude of the hills, and the aromatic pine forests, the simple food, the kindly peasantry, all offer that forgetfulness of the worries of life, the pleasant excitement without mental fatigue, which is of the essence of a true holiday. Up to the present Norway is unspoilt; it is chiefly visited by the sportsman and the fisher, who have long appreciated its delightful sceneries, but to the average tourist it is still an unknown land. But let no one go there who does not love nature or who requires artificial excitement. He will be disappointed.

The diaphanous filminess and wealth of design in lace must always appeal to women. Buckinghamshire, the home of lace-making, still maintains its high reputation, and supplies the immediate wants of the fashionable world. A sale and show of the work produced was held at a private house last week, and met with a gratifying financial success. However beautiful artificial lace may be, it can never come up to the real pillow lace itself.

Our Supplements

ROYAL HENLEY

HENLEY—there is a spell in the two syllables to bring before the mind a picture of everything that is gay and pretty and like a picnic. Englishmen far out on the South African veldt, scorching in the sun by day, benumbed by cold at night, choking in sandstorms, thankful for a solid meal, have thought of Henley as the day came round and see vividly the fluttering reach. For them the wind blows warm from the deep-green woods, and the scarlet parasols dot the houseboats. Now, in this mental biograph, the boats filled with ladies and with men in white flannels cover the river like froth in a tumbler; and now they slip back again behind the booms and the broad ribbon of the river is left clear. And now the boats are coming down the ribbon, the sunlight flashing on their oars and the steam launch panting behind. They are nearing the post, and over the stands and the houseboats—all alive with fluttering skirts and ladies' eyes—goes up a little quiver of excitement like the heat haze that dances in the sun. And now one boat has won, and its men, sitting up as confidently as oarsmen can who for a seeming lifetime have been toiling on with no other world in front of them than No. —'s back, are paddling to the bank, and the losing crew, sitting lumpily over their oars, are making the best of their Tugela. Lastly, the pleasure boats close in again over the course.

This year the picture differed but little. Some have seen the contests from a houseboat—a houseboat with a big-striped awning and something iced and cool in the long glasses by the deck chairs. Some were in the flotilla of boats that crowd the stream between the

racers. If they were wise they were in punts and sitting on the stern locker (perhaps somebody else was there too), and slowly steered their way through craft propelled by various experimental methods; if they were adventurous they sat in Canadian canoes and nervously avoided skiffs; if, on the other hand, they were in skiffs they seized opportunities to keep other pleasure-seekers alive with absent-minded boat-hooks; if they were rich they stayed in Henley for the three days; if they were lucky they were invited to stay on a houseboat, or witnessed the scene from the Grosvenor Club enclosure, whence our artist made his sketch; if they were mere enthusiasts they ran down from Paddington each day by train, and each night ran rather regretfully back again; if they were poor, they perhaps saw the races only from the unallotted river-meadows—though that, of course, would not be the real Henley. The real Henley is the Henley of the comfortably-off—a gay festival that, like the flowering privet, marks the turn of the summer.

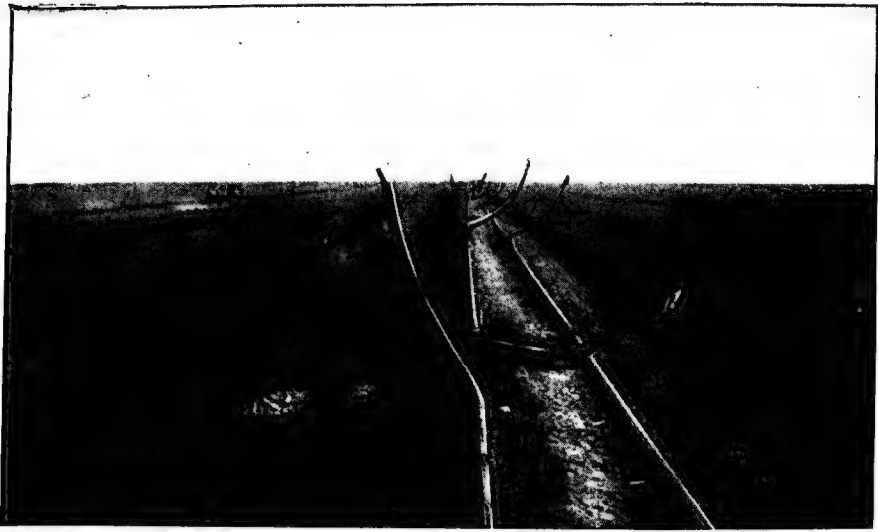
THE GIRL WITH THE ROSE

The rose, Sir John Mandeville tells us, originally sprang from the extinguished brands heaped round a virgin martyr at Bethlehem; but this pretty legend apart, the Queen of Flowers has always been the attribute of beauty and virtue in early Christian art. St. Dorothea carries a basketful of roses; St. Rose of Lima is crowned with roses, while St. Elizabeth of Portugal, and a dozen other saints and martyrs, carry roses in their hands or caps. Mr. Harold Speed, however, in the painting which forms our frontispiece has not gone to bygone ages for his subject, but has depicted a maiden of these far more prosaic days—none the less charming, nevertheless, and quite as worthy to wear the emblem as any saint in the Church calendar.



1. Simple walking dress of fancy foulard. Bodice gracefully draped like a fichu, and fastened by a rosette at the waist. Sailor collar in Liberty satin, trimmed with Venetian point insertion, edged with black velvet. The same lace is arranged on the skirt, above a deep-pleated flounce. Boat-shaped hat of Panama straw, trimmed with a rosette of white silk and two quills.
2. Bicycling costume in covert coating. The coat fits tightly at the back and hangs loose in front, fastening with braid ornaments. Collar and revers of fancy material. The skirt has five rows of stitching at the hem. Sailor hat of Manilla straw, trimmed with black velvet and an eagle's feather.
3. White flannel tennis costume. The blouse has a broad box pleat back and front and a cream silk collar stitched with yellow silk. The skirt is cut out in vandykes over cream silk stitched with yellow to match the collar. White Tam o' Shanter.

SUMMER TOILETTES



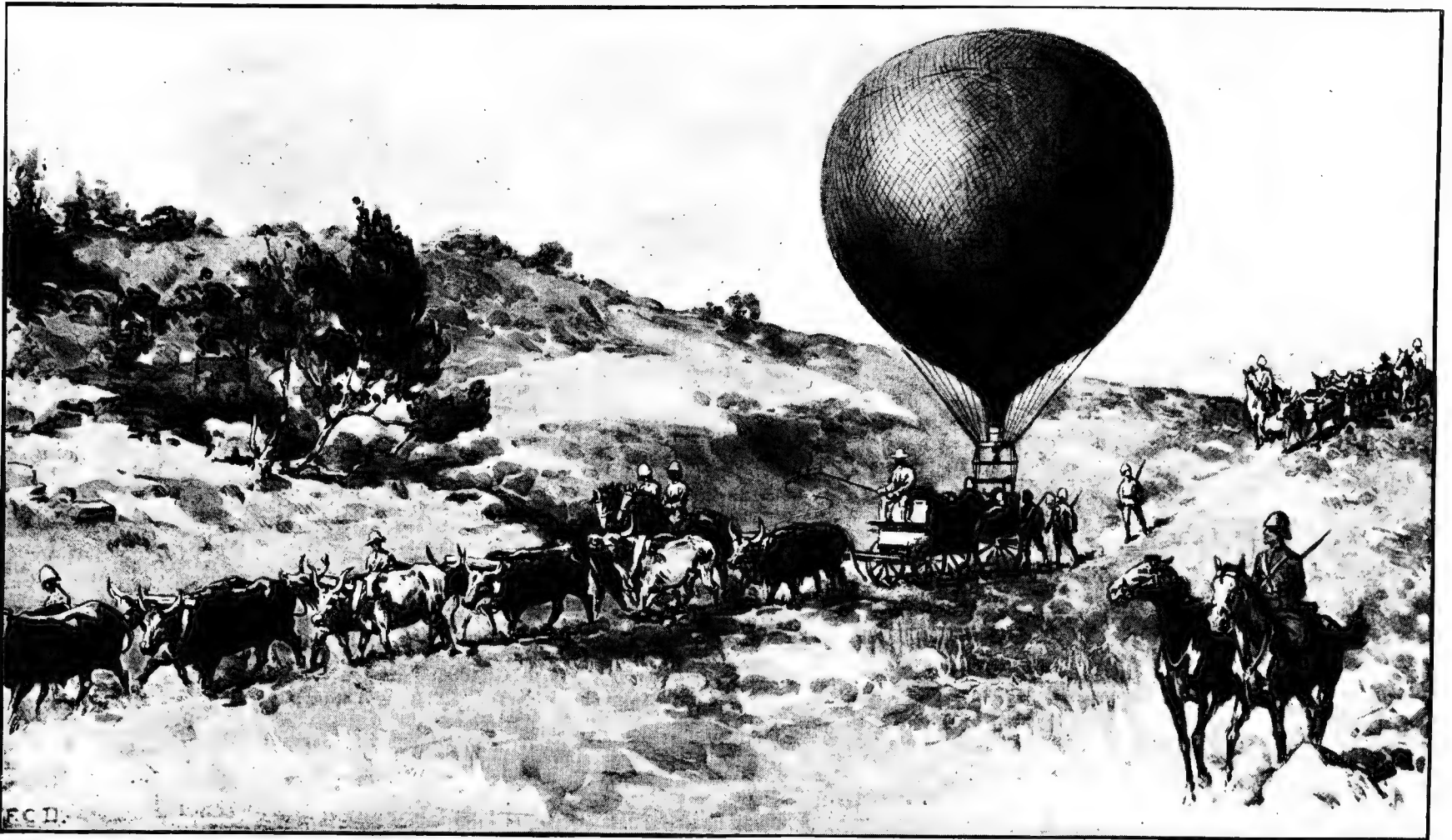
This photograph, by a British officer, shows the railway between Zand River and Kroonstad with the rails torn up by the Boers

HOW OUR ADVANCE WAS DELAYED



The bridge at Kroonstad was destroyed by the Irish-American Brigade under Colonel Blake. The Brigade was last heard of as flying from Kroonstad when Lord Roberts entered the town

THE WORK OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN BRIGADE



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Military ballooning is very new in practice, and there are people who still doubt its real value in campaigning. At any rate, the balloons have done good service in South Africa under the control of the

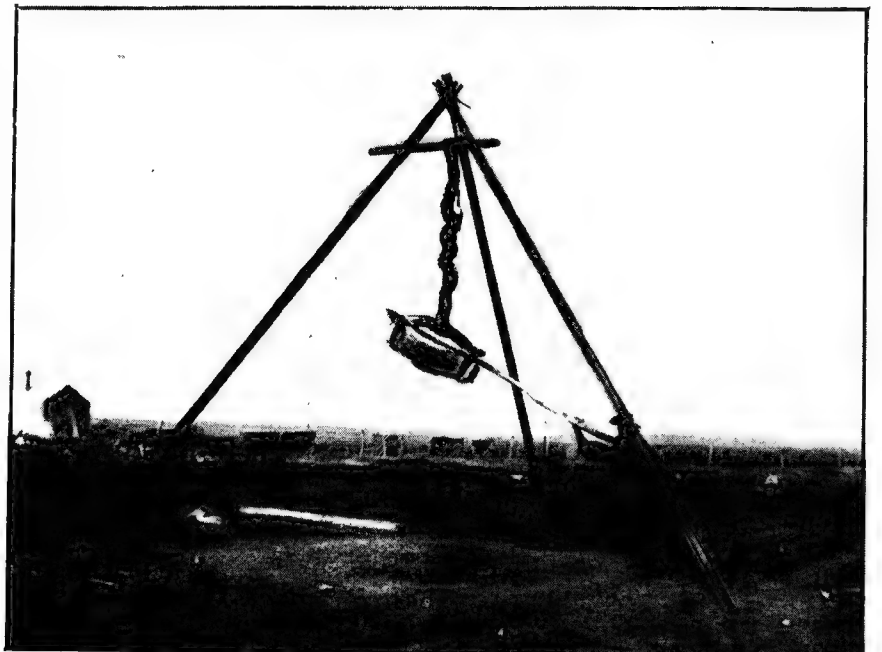
Royal Engineers. Of course the main objection to them is that they and their accessories involve considerable difficulties in transport

"BOBS'S" EYE ON THE TREK": THE MILITARY BALLOON AT KROONSTAD



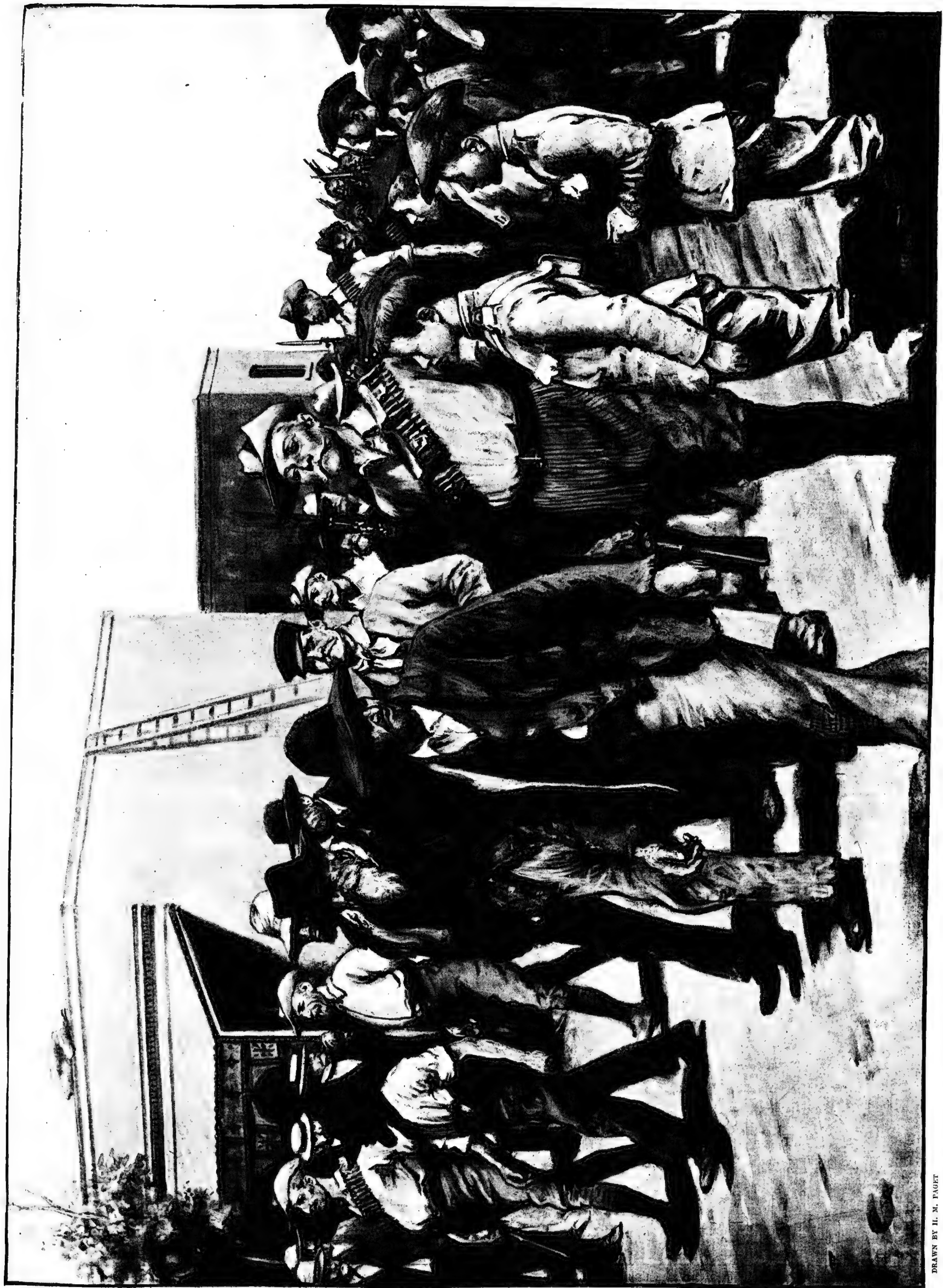
There have been so many cases of Boer treachery with the white flag, that summary justice is dealt out to any of the enemy who use a house flying a white flag as cover for offensive operations. The farmhouse, near Dewetsdorp, shown in our illustration, was burnt because the occupants had been guilty of this crime

AN ACT OF RETRIBUTION



The native method of making reins is very primitive. Strips of ox-hide are suspended with a large weight at the end, and then the weight is twisted round and round, and in this way the hide is stretched

HOW THE KAFFIRS MAKE REINS



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

On the occasion of the last Boer attack on Mafeking, when the enemy temporarily took possession of the B.S.A. Police fort, capturing the garrison, they proceeded to loot the place, and thought that they had captured the town. But General Baden-Powell was equal to the occasion, cut off their retreat, and eventually, after fourteen hours' fighting, Eloff surrendered to his own prisoners, who marched the rank and file to the lock-up, while the officers went to dine with General E.P. Ek # had previously shot some of his own men who had endeavoured to bolt from the fort. He confessed afterwards that he found our fire too hot and too accurate to attempt to advance

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

THE LAST ATTACK ON MAFKING: B.S.A. POLICE ESCORTING BOER PRISONERS TO THE LOCK-UP

The Crisis in China

It is still difficult to gather with any approach to certainty how events are shaping themselves in Peking, though the terrible intelligence, which there seems little reason now for doubting, that the German Minister has been murdered, has left an overwhelming anxiety as to the fate of the other Ambassadors. The news with regard to Baron von Ketteler comes from several sources. He was,



THE LATE CAPT. H. W. H. BEYTS, R.M.A.
Killed near Tientsin

it would appear, riding from the Embassy to the Tsung-li-Yamen without a military escort when he was pulled from his horse and so dangerously wounded that he died very shortly. The interpreter who was with him escaped. Meanwhile, the only sorry comfort that we have is the first message countersigned by Sir Robert Hart, which the Second Secretary of the German Legation got through to the coast. There is no mincing of words in it. It is an urgent appeal for help to relieve a desperate

situation. The Ministers were, when it was sent off on Sunday, June 24, besieged in the British Legation, which was being shelled by Chinese troops, and their position hopeless unless speedily relieved. A second message sent one day later says nothing to relieve anxiety.

"The Situation is Desperate"

The first message, which is signed "Robert Hart," runs:—"Herr von Bergen, the Second Secretary of the German Legation, to the Commander of the European troops.—The foreign colony is being besieged in the Legations. The situation is desperate. Come with all speed.—Sunday afternoon, four o'clock." From various sources it is easy to gather something of the nature of this desperate situation. Most of the Legations were burnt down, and the remainder of the representatives of the Powers, with their staffs, and the small naval guards, sent up from the coast before communications were cut, were fighting for their lives, with their ammunition falling short, the food supply nearly exhausted, and all around them a sea of Kansu braves, led by infuriated haters of the "foreign devils," armed with Krupp guns and repeating rifles. Inside the city, meanwhile, a revolution had broken out. The Dowager-Empress and her nephew, Yung Lu, unable to control the spirit of barbarism which they had evoked for their own purposes, had tried to escape, but were prisoners in the Palace, and the Government had been seized by Prince Tuan, the leader of the Reactionaries, who, with a force of Boxers, controlled everything, and avowed his intention of murdering all foreign residents. Twenty thousand Chinese soldiers were in the city, thirty thousand were gathered outside ready for any violence, while another thirty thousand were reported bound for Tientsin. This was the situation last Sunday week, and, so far as we know, relief is further than ever from the gates of Peking, for the Admirals have decided that no movement is possible until they are strongly reinforced.

The Diplomatic Corps

The foreign Ministers, who boldly decided to stay at their posts, number many eminent names. Baron von Ketteler has already given his life for Germany, but the remaining Ambassadors so desperately situated are:—

Great Britain...	Sir Claude MacDonald.	Spain.....	Señor de Colejan.
France.....	M. Pichon.	United States..	Mr. Edward Conger.
Russia.....	M. de Giers.	Japan.....	Baron Nishi.
Italy.....	The Marquis Raggi.	Belgium.....	M. Jacobsens.
Austria.....	Baron C. de Willemin.	Holland.....	M. Knobel.

Last week there was the comforting hope that they had joined Admiral Seymour's relieving force; now we know with cruel certainty that they were given twenty-four hours' notice to leave Peking but declined to go, rather choosing that the Tsung-li-Yamen should be responsible for their safety than the Chinese rabble and soldiery without the city walls. All the Legations, according to the last message, reported to have come from Sir Robert Hart, have been destroyed with the exception of three—those of France, Great Britain, and Germany.

"Vengeance"

No one anticipated that it would be long before the German Emperor sought reparation for the murder of his Minister, and the address which he gave to the Marines about to start for China was clear, statesmanlike, and vigorous. Baron von Ketteler is to be avenged, and rightly so; "a crime of unspeakable insolence and horrifying barbarity" is to be punished, and the German flag, joined with those of the other Powers, is to be planted on the walls of Peking. But Germany is not going to take any separate action. She is merely driven into taking a more prominent place in the concerted action. It is believed in Germany, as elsewhere, that Japan is the only possible saviour of the immediate situation, but it has been decided to send to China one division of infantry, four additional regiments of marine infantry, and sixteen batteries of artillery, in all some 15,000 men.

The Action of the Admirals

With regard to Admiral Seymour's force now in Tientsin, we know that the losses it sustained in its heroic attempt to force a way to the capital were severe. Among the British troops Captain Beyts was killed, seven officers were wounded, while twenty-four men were killed and ninety-one wounded. This was in the course of seven separate battles which the gallant Admiral had to fight. The second relief force, which rescued him from his critical position, did admirable work. After fierce fighting, it raised the siege of Tientsin, captured the arsenal, and has since been occupied in securing the safety of that town and keeping communications open to Taku, a distance of fifty-one miles by the river route. Notwithstanding, however, Admiral Bruce at Taku finds it exceedingly difficult to keep in touch with the Commander-in-Chief at Tientsin, which there is some talk of abandoning, while opinions are still much divided as to whether the bombarding and capture of the forts was not, after all, a mistake. Admiral Kempff, voicing the American point of view, opposed it from the first, holding that the action has turned the Chinese into allies of the "Boxers" and exasperated them merely, when they should have been worked upon to suppress the rising.

The Prospects of Relief

The topic meanwhile which engrosses everyone's attention is what efforts are being made to furnish the relief for which Sir Robert Hart appealed so urgently. Sir Robert is not an alarmist. No one knows China better than he, and his messages have filled the majority with a fearful apprehension lest some awful tragedy may not even now have been enacted within the town, a tragedy which the Chinese have every incentive to keep quiet as long as possible. Up to the end of last week the number of men landed was 13,000. Since then the numbers have been further increased to some 16,000, but there is every reason to doubt whether they would be in any way sufficient to hold Tientsin and take the offensive from that town against the swarming hordes who are not merely thronging Peking and its neighbourhood, but still venting their fury on Tientsin in futile bombardment. It is, indeed, only too evident that they can do little more than hold their own.

Advance Japan

There is this, too, to be remembered, that China has not wasted her time since the hard lesson given her by Japan, but has been steadily drilling and arming until the Manchu leaders have at their beck and call far more efficient troops than they ever had before, and armed with the most modern weapons. It is more than unfortunate, too, that at a moment when vigorous action is of paramount importance, there should be the necessity of concerted action—always cumbrous—among a group of strangely assorted and mutually suspicious Powers. Who is to save the situation; that is really the question. Russia seems, for the moment, to have brought all available men, requiring time to concentrate more. We are in the same predicament, though India can soon transport an army;

but events will not wait, and many things suggest that Japan (who alone is on the spot and ready) should land an adequate force and relieve the intolerable suspense. What bargain Japan might seek to drive before entering upon the task is another matter. The last time she had China at her feet the conduct of the Powers was not such as to encourage her to place herself unreservedly in their hands again. Be this as it may, Japan is rapidly mobilising men, and, without making any formal declaration, the Allied Powers seem to have agreed to sustain her in her efforts to put down the uprising, and to assist in rescuing the foreigners now in captivity or held as hostages. Very significant was Mr. Brodrick's statement that Lord Salisbury had given Japan every encouragement to send



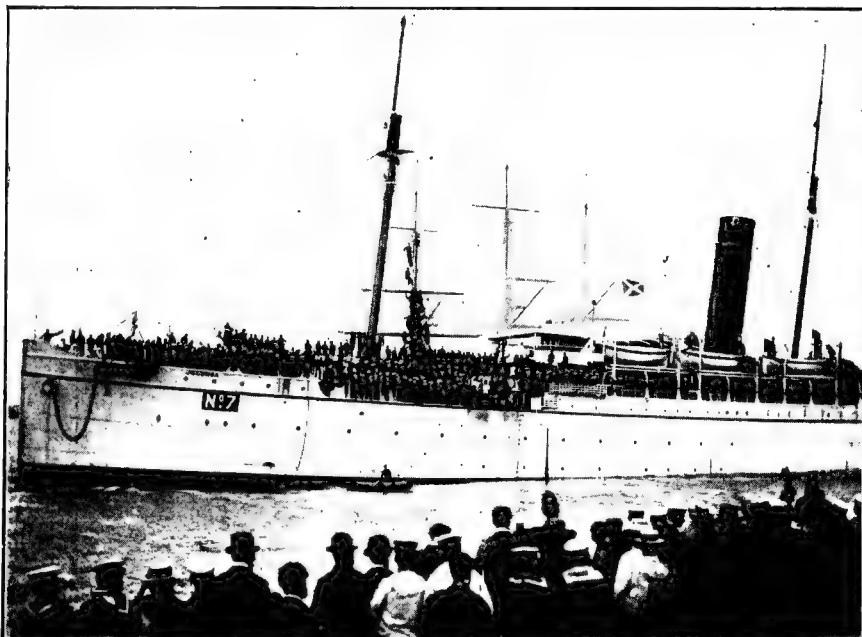
Baron Clemens August von Ketteler, German Minister at Peking, murdered by the "Boxers," was born at Potsdam on November 22, 1853. He entered the Diplomatic Service and passed a special examination for Chinese. In the eighties he was appointed interpreter to the German Consulate at Canton. After filling various posts in the Diplomatic Service, Baron von Ketteler was appointed German Minister to Mexico in 1896. Last year, on the retirement of Baron von Heyking, who had successfully carried through the Kiao-Chau negotiations, Baron von Ketteler was appointed to succeed him.

THE LATE BARON VON KETTELER

as many troops as possible, and hoped that the Japanese force would be considerably augmented, but there seems some mystery as to why reinforcements are not immediately crossing the Yellow Sea.

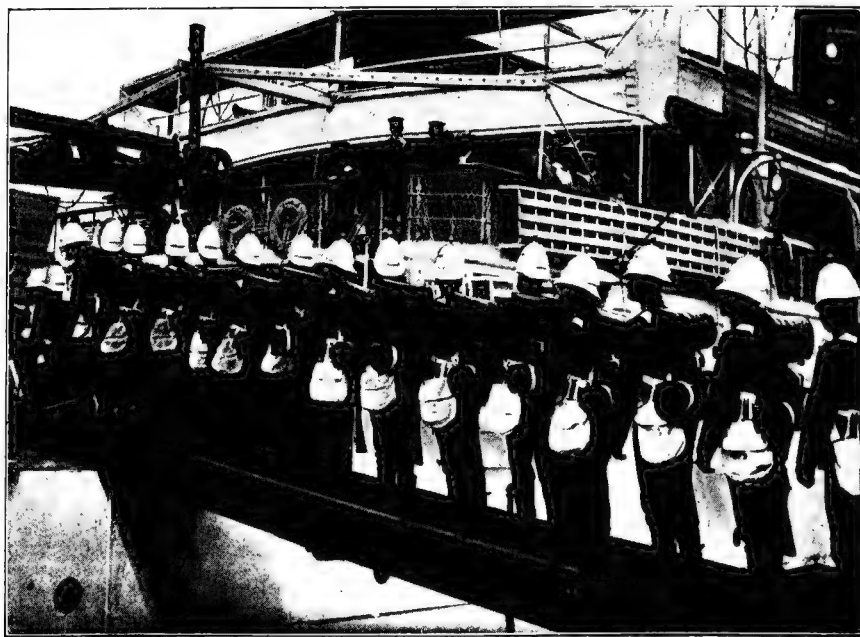
The Present Situation

The actual situation at the present moment is still obscure, but there is doubtless a strong peace party, who regard the "Boxers," even when assisted by the Imperial troops, as rebels, and have no intention, if it can even at this eleventh hour be avoided, of allowing China to throw down the gauntlet to the world, but events are showing once more that it is easier to start a revolution than to stop one. Yung Lu, the Empress's nephew, has been explaining that he sought to protect the European Ambassadors and the Legations, but that Prince Tuan, the father of the Heir Apparent, usurped the Imperial power on the 20th ult., since when he has been powerless, the soldiers refusing to obey his orders. According to Yung Lu, Prince Tuan himself gave orders for the attack upon the foreigners in Peking and then sent orders to all the Viceroy and Governors in China to drive the foreigners into the sea. The Viceroy of the Yangtse Valley and in Southern China, however, have agreed together to ignore Prince Tuan's orders, while formal assurances have been given by the Chinese authorities at Shanghai and in the south that they will co-operate with the foreign Powers to maintain peace and restore order. Li Hung Chang, also, whatever may be his actual views, has again declared his intention of doing everything in his power to maintain peace and order and to protect foreigners within the provinces which he administers. There is little doubt, though, that the whole of China is disturbed, and any disaster in the north would have a disastrous effect on the masses in the southern districts.



THE "JELUNGA" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

The *Jelunga*, No. 7 Transport, left Portsmouth on Saturday with reinforcements to take the place of the men who have been landed for shore operations from the ships on the China Station. The naval ratings had been drawn from the depôts at Portsmouth and Devonport, and the Marines from all the divisions.



ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY GOING ON BOARD

Major F. G. Kappey, R.M.A., is in command of the Marine detachment, which is 400 strong, and is composed of 124 men of the R.M.A. and eighty-four men of the Chatham, eighty-four men of the Portsmouth, and 108 men of the Plymouth divisions of R.M.L.I. Our photographs are by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

MORE EMBARKATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH: FOR CHINA THIS TIME

About Peking

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

A GERMAN plenipotentiary said of Peking that one approaches it in tears, but leaves it weeping, and this description in the old days was no less true than witty, for, despite its numerous drawbacks, Peking is redolent with the peculiar charm of the Orient.

The traveller approaching this most wonderful of Eastern cities found an endless wonder and fascination in the stream of people flowing to and from the city along the roughly paved road. Tinkling files of donkeys, pattering along bravely, though overtopped with Chinamen; strings of perspiring coolies stripped and bronzed to the waist, wheeling creaking wheelbarrows, shaped like jaunting cars, with one wheel and full of goods; officials in mule carts with the stolid, indifferent countenance familiar among Chinese; mounted messengers, riding in true Mongol fashion, knees close to chin, on a high-peaked saddle, with dark blue cloth reins, jingling bell, and enormous chased metal stirrup irons which quite eclipse the rough shaggy pony, with his long flowing mane and tail. Perhaps a string of slow, soft-footed camels, whose leader jangles a deep-toned bell and is ridden by a half-slumbering Mongol. Mongols are quite at home on their camels, as my Chinese boy remarked, "Mongol man sleep top-side camel all day all night!" The aristocracy ride abroad in mule litters or sedan chairs, or are mounted on richly caparisoned mules.

And so, with the jingling and tinkling of innumerable bells, with the quaint cries of the drivers and the grunting sing-song of the barrow coolies, Peking is reached at length, and the huge walls rise before us, stretching away in a long line, from which, like giant sentinels, the many-storied towers, marking the nine great gates, look out across the plain. The vast gateway which gives access to the city is closed as soon as the sun has set, and the traveller has finally left behind him the civilisation, the feverish haste, the very atmosphere of the twentieth century, and has plunged into the Middle Ages.

The city occupies a square, facing the cardinal points, and each of its walls is three miles long and contains two gates, equidistant from each other and from the corners of the walls. From each gate

a vast thoroughfare runs straight to the opposite one, dividing the city into nine squares. The Tartar, or city proper, is to the north, and in the centre of it rise the faded vermilion walls of the Forbidden City, or Imperial Palace. To the south lies a walled-in suburb, the Chinese city, where are most of the shops, restaurants, and theatres. The whole scheme, it will be seen, is admirable, and everywhere are visible the traces of a skill and foresight in designs, which, however, has been allowed to lapse into decay.

At the present juncture a word as to the Foreign Legations may be interesting. They are all of Chinese architecture except the Japanese, being old palaces, whose main characteristics are preserved while Western comfort has been introduced. They lie close together in one quarter, the English being the largest. All are walled, and have heavy Chinese gates, while the Russian, British and French have their own chapel and surgery within the grounds. There is no system of street lighting in Peking; the majority of Chinese do not go out after dark, so do not need it. The only time such illumination is attempted is when the Governor of Peking is going his monthly round of inspection. Then mutton fat dips are lighted in the quaint cages which rise like beacons at intervals along the embanked roadways. A moonless night in Peking is black indeed, and even when armed with a lantern caution is required to avoid leprous beggars, cesspools, and pariah dogs—all merged into the general inky blackness.

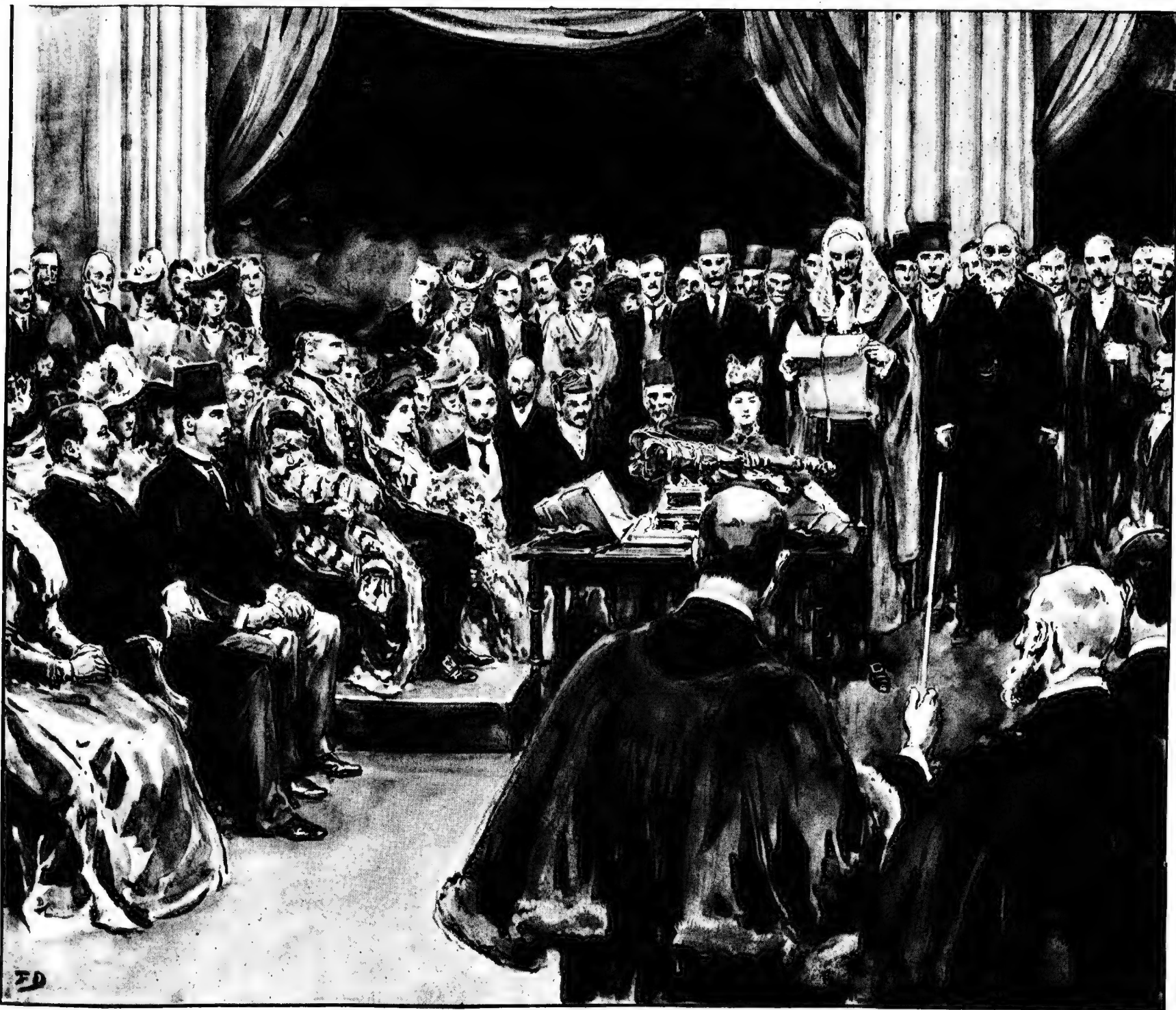
There is no system of drainage in Peking, and in the summer, when clouds of dust hang about the city, watering is done with slops and sewage. The result makes one prefer the dust. Street life in Peking is most varied and picturesque. The houses, with the exception of temples and the Imperial Palace, are one-storied; the shops, open in the daytime, have very solid bars, which form a grille at night, and through this grille one may, after sunset, catch a glimpse of the shopkeeper and his friends sitting in a circle with their opium pipes.

In old days at Peking, before the Franco-Russian *entente*, the Legations at Peking formed a cosmopolitan happy family, with Great Britain as a leader. Society was pleasant and genial. No one, except, perhaps, the Russians and Japanese, worried much about relations with the Chinese, which were confined to visits to the Tsung-li-Yamen, a copious correspondence *apropos de rien*, and an

occasional interchange of entirely formal visits between the members of the Tsung-li-Yamen and the foreign Ministers. The New Year's visits were the most important, for then the leading Chinese officials came in a body to offer the compliments of the season to the diplomatic corps, who returned the compliment later on, at the Chinese New Year. On this occasion the Chinese Ministers ran the gauntlet of the whole of the Legations, being generously entertained at each with wine and cakes, so that they arrived at the last Legation in a state of hilarity and merriment very unusual with the solemn officials of the Middle Kingdom.

With no burning questions for settlement, and no particular opportunity for cultivating social relations with mandarins, the Legations, with the two exceptions noticed, enjoyed the splendid air of Peking, and the many distractions to be found in balls, picnics, race-meetings, dinner and card parties, and in the hot weather retired to the hills, thirteen miles away, where, in the shady hollows of wooded ravines, among ancient Buddhist temples, with the murmur of wind through the pines, the coo of the temple doves, and the tinkling of streams, a most enjoyable holiday was passed. The railway caused this pleasant resort to be largely deserted for the seaside towns of Pei-tai No and Chefoo. But a more radical change came over the whole spirit of Legation society in Peking after the Franco-Russian *entente*. Rivalry and strife took the place of the old-fashioned diplomacy, and Britain lost her place as leader in diplomacy, if not in the social life, which was dominated by the Russian Minister Cassini, and afterwards by Pavloff.

The later phases of diplomatic life in Peking show even less friendly intercourse with the Chinese, while between foreign Legations the tension has been so acute that social relations have inevitably suffered. What the next phase will be it will be impossible to foresee, but there are many who will regret, as one regrets the pleasant days of youth and folly, the old lazy times at Peking, the *dolce far niente* of that most Oriental of cities. A new order has arisen in China, and the foreign Ministers there will have no easy task in the future. Peking will be cast into the crucible of revolution, and the ancient towers, and prehistoric walls which for centuries have seen no change, will gaze down on the legions of "foreign devils" entering even the Forbidden City. After that—but no one can foresee what next!



The Khedive visited the City on Tuesday. At the Guildhall he was presented with an address from the Corporation, and in reply His Highness expressed the hope that the friendly relations existing between the British Empire and Egypt might be promoted still further by his visit. The Khedive was afterwards

entertained to luncheon, the Lord Mayor presiding. Among those present were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Lord Salisbury.

THE KHEWIVE'S VISIT TO THE CITY: RECEIVING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



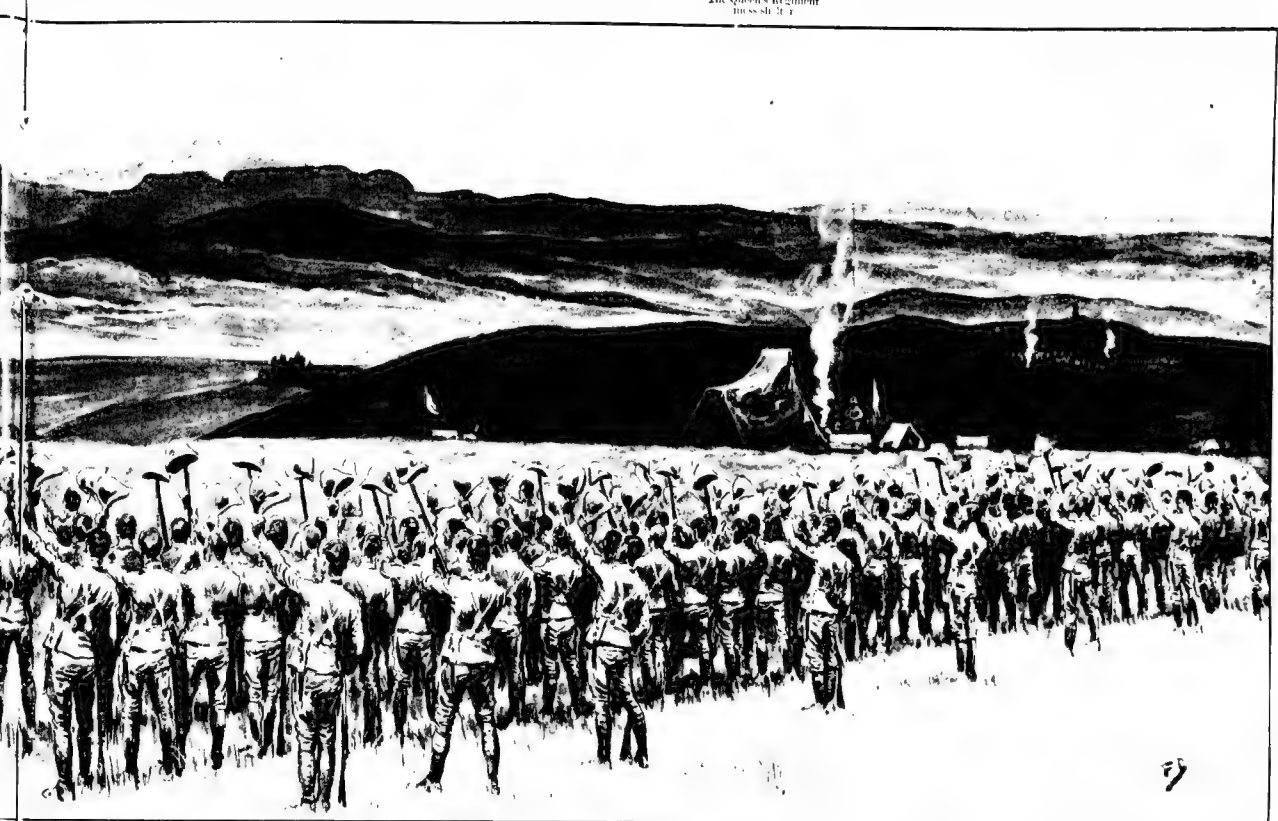
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.
An officer, in sending the sketch of the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday by the "Queen's" Regiment on Ingogo Heights, writes:—"It is a curious coincidence that in General Clery's Division are the 3rd King's Royal Rifles, who suffered so heavily in 1881 on this very spot, and the 'Queen's' Regiment, to which the late Sir George Colley belonged. The men were on the heights again on the Queen's birthday, and there, in sight of Majuba Hill, the 'Queen's' whole neck was strongly entrenched and held by the Boers at the time."

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN": CELEBRATING HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY IN SIGHT OF MAJUBA HILL



DRAWN BY GUSTAV BLONDE, R.I.
The relief of Mafeking was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the troops with General Buller. The men of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers are shown in our illustration drinking "B.P.'s" health in a special issue of free beer. The beer was highly appreciated, for that commodity at the front is scarce—almost as scarce in camp as news.

"THREE CHEERS FOR 'B.P.'"



FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH SOLDIER
The men were on the heights again on the Queen's birthday, and there, in sight of Majuba Hill, the 'Queen's' whole neck was strongly entrenched and held by the Boers at the time.



DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD
At Matjesfontein the relief of Mafeking was celebrated by sports of all kinds. One of the most amusing events in the programme was a race for black women. This was called the heavy weight championship, and provoked much laughter among the spectators, and the buxom competitors thoroughly enjoyed the fun, and did not at all mind affording amusement.

MAFKING DAY AT MATJESFONTEIN: THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

DURING the past week the key of the military situation at the seat of war has continued to remain in the pocket of General Christian De Wet, who is described as "a tall, stout, heavily built man with a brown beard, dressed in a tweed suit and an overcoat, and wearing a gold chain with a medal on which was a representation of Kruger's head." This De Wet once studied and took a degree at Cambridge, which accounts for his fluent and idiomatic English. "Poor man," he exclaimed on seeing the body of Captain Gale, whom his raiders had slain. "Very sad; bury him at once," courteously adding his permission to allow the body to be wrapped in a Union Jack. But not only did De Wet graduate at Cambridge; it is clear that he has also taken a high degree in the art of war—especially of the guerilla kind, for he has done much to justify, for the time being, at least, the boast of President Kruger to an American correspondent that "the British forces are in a bad way, and never can hope to beat the Boers in the mountains"—Kruger, who was last reported to have settled down at Pilgrim's Rest, which is the proper place for him. How, indeed, could our British forces in the Orange River Colony have been in anything but "a bad way" in view of the succession of reverses, large and small, which they have sustained at the hands of the daringly defiant De Wet and his ubiquitous raiders during the last few weeks? From first to last De Wet has killed, wounded and captured some 1,500 of our soldiers, cut the railway half a dozen times, destroyed immense quantities of stores, and generally painted things red, in spite of his being threatened by an ever-converging and overwhelming force of over 30,000 British troops. But it would be more than a miracle if he were to escape from the toils which, slowly but surely, are being drawn around him. Hunter's Division, coming from the west, crossed the Vaal and reached Frankfort, where he was joined by the Highland Brigade from Heilbron; Lord Methuen was last heard of between Heilbron and Lindley, at which latter place General Paget had his command; while Rundle and Brabant were holding a line of some ninety miles from Winburg to Ficksburg, over against the burgher forces of the irrepressible Mr. Steyn, who was amusing himself by imposing alternative fines of 100%, or three months' imprisonment on offending British subjects.

are beginning to press very heavily on the Boers of both the quondam Republics alike. At Heilbron and other places provisions have had to be distributed to the inhabitants under the supervision of a relief committee, and even at Pretoria itself the greatest care has to be taken to husband the supplies. A market has been opened, and farmers having signed the oath are permitted to bring in waggons, oxen, and servants for the purpose of transporting produce to the town unmolested. Transvaal stamps, surcharged V.R., are being sold, but only a limited number are allowed to each purchaser, in order to prevent speculation. One of the most important of the proclamations which has been issued by Lord Roberts in the Government *Gazette* refers to gold mining, which has already been stopped, but permission is granted to carry to completion the work in hand. All raw gold so recovered must be deposited in a bank. The transport of specie and unwrought gold is forbidden. The transport of coal, except for household use, is also forbidden. Forbidden also by Lord Roberts has been the further residence in the Transvaal of the Hollanders who formed the staff of the Netherlands Railway to Delagoa Bay, who had been given by their company the option of joining the Boer ranks on full pay, or of not taking up arms, and receiving only a proportion of their salaries. The insolence and belligerent acts of these railway officials had excited much indignation, and they were given notice to quit. But even leaving Standerton under a British guard of bayonets for Durban—thence to be shipped to Europe—they behaved with the most defiant insolence—ostentatiously wearing rosettes of the Transvaal colours, and bawling out the national anthem of the Boers. For such a serious element of danger deportation was the only remedy. But the peril to our line of communications from such intractable officials had already been to some extent neutralised—if a telegram from Lourenco Marques may be trusted—through the occupation of Komati Poort, the frontier station on the Delagoa Bay line, by the British force which recently landed at Kosi Bay, and which did not, as subsequently reported, return to Cape Town. If this proves true, it will mean the complete isolation of the Transvaal from the outer world, and the closing up of the last channel of supply remaining to President Kruger.

General Botha

It is known that after his defeat at Diamond Hill, the Boer Generalissimo was open to treat with Lord Roberts,

29th ult. towards Amerspoort, on the Ermelo road, and shelled 2,000 of the enemy, after which he returned, without being followed up, though with the loss of two killed and six wounded. Still, it is the avowed object of every reconnaissance not so much to defeat as to discover an enemy, and hence the return of Coke to the railway line, which is now in full working order from Durban to Johannesburg, being patrolled by armoured trains, while the Pretoria-Bloemfontein line is now again equally secure, "the trains all running on schedule time."

Our Losses

Many of the Boers continue to entertain the firm belief that they will regain their independence, the more so as they continue to be treated to most mendacious statements as to the difficulties in which the British Government is plunged all over the world. On the other hand the Boers in authority, as Lord Roberts himself complains, are carefully withholding all his own proclamations from the Burghers, many of whom have declared that they would have left the commandos and gone home had they been allowed to see those documents. This was more particularly the case in the Rustenburg district, where over 5,000 stand of various arms had been surrendered in the course of a few days. As for the Dutch rebels in our own territory, the arrest of Mr. Botha, member of the Cape Parliament for Aliwal North, on a charge of high treason, will be laid to heart by them as a timely warning and a sign not to take further part in a war which, up to the end of June, had entailed upon us a total loss of about 30,000 officers and men, or well on to the whole Army Corps.

Victims of the War

CAPTAIN LORD KENSINGTON, who has just died at Bloemfontein from wounds received at Houtnek on April 30, some time since was an officer of the 2nd Life Guards. Born on July 25, 1868, William Edwardes, fifth Baron Kensington, was educated at Eton, and passed into the Life Guards from the Militia in 1892, receiving his full lieutenantcy in the following year. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

Captain Frank Hunnard, D.S.O., Army Service Corps, died at Newcastle, Natal, on the 13th inst., of enteric fever. Born



THE LATE CAPTAIN LORD KENSINGTON
Died of wounds received at Houtnek



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. HUNNARD
Died at Newcastle of enteric



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. H. HICKS
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE MAJOR L. SEYMOUR
Killed near the Zand River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT L. O. F. MELLISH
Died at Bloemfontein of enteric

Guerilla Warfare

As for the positive fighting in the Orange River Colony during the past week, it has been of the slenderest and most slipshod kind—a kind of which observers at home could make neither head nor tail. But several bits of good luck fell to Lord Methuen, who followed up his welcome seizure of 8,000 sheep and 500 head of cattle near Lindley by capturing at Paardekraal several notable Boers, including Andreas Wessels, head of the Afrikaner Bond. A few miles north of Senekal, a British force, under Colonel Grenfell, was attacked by a body of Boers, led by Trefers and Nel, who were beaten off, and had their laager burned, with the help of Brabant, who came to the assistance of Grenfell—the total casualties in the two columns being 3 killed and 23 wounded. About the same time a body of Boers attacked our Roodeval Spruit position on the railway, but were easily beaten off by a detachment of the Shropshires, Westralian Mounted Infantry, and a 15-pounder on an armoured train. Paget, too, reported from Lindley that on the 26th ult. he had been engaged with a body of the enemy, who were strongly reinforced during the day. A convoy of stores for the Lindley garrison was also attacked on same day. After a heavy rearguard action, the convoy reached Lindley in safety, though with a loss of 10 men killed and 4 officers and 50 men wounded. At Ficksburg, too, Boyes's Brigade lost 2 officers killed and 5 men wounded in action with a body of Boers, while there also came to hand—though not through official sources—obscure reports of fighting in the region dominated by Rundle, who has issued a proclamation forbidding all harbouring "ex-burghers"—non-compliance by the farmers with his various injunctions being punished by "the confiscation of their farms, the cancelling of all receipts for goods requisitioned on behalf of the military, no payment whatever being made, and, lastly, a fine which in no event will be less than 2s. 6d. per morgen on the area of each farm." From Maseru—a place from which several thumping *canards* have recently taken wing—it was reported that the Boers, under Steyn and De Wet, are now only kept from deserting by the fear of being shot, that their horses are in very poor condition, dying in large numbers, and that they are very short of artillery ammunition—statements which, if true, would only render more inexplicable the stand which they continued to make against their pursuers.

At Pretoria

At the same time, it is clear that the privations of the campaign

but that he withdrew his overtures for peace on hearing of the successes which had attended the daring and destructive raids of his colleague, De Wet. But an operation between those two commanders has now been rendered impossible by the establishment of a British military cordon from Volksrust to Pretoria, via Standerton and Heidelberg. Greylingstad, too, has been occupied by a Brigade under "Minor Tactics" Clerly. Talbot Coke, too, with the 10th Brigade, made a reconnaissance on the



This photograph was taken by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company's representative five minutes after the National Standard had been hoisted in Bloemfontein, and the country had been proclaimed British under the new name, "Orange River Colony"

ORANGE RIVER COLONY FIVE MINUTES OLD

January 25, 1873, he joined the Army as second lieutenant in the South Wales Borderers December 17, 1892; became Lieutenant in the Army Service Corps September 29, 1895; and captain September 20, 1899.

Captain C. H. Hicks, of the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, was killed at the battle of Spion Kop. He joined his regiment in 1884. Captain Charles Herbert Hicks was the eldest son of the late General Hicks Pasha, whose unfortunate fate in the Soudan is but too well known.

Major Louis Seymour, who was killed in the Boer attack on the railway at Zand River, was an exceedingly popular and well-known figure in South Africa. At a very early age he was consulting engineer to a great American firm, and went to South Africa some years ago to serve in the same capacity at the De Beers mines in Kimberley. Thence he passed to the employ of Messrs. Eckstein and Co., at Johannesburg, whose chief engineer he had become before the war. On the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Seymour raised the Pioneer Railway Corps, recruited from engineers and mining employes of the Rand, and was gazetted major in it. He was superintending the repair of the line to Johannesburg when he was unfortunately killed. Our portrait is by A. and G. Taylor, Ludgate Hill.

Lieutenant L. O. F. Mellish, of the 2nd Wiltshire Regiment, was twenty-four years of age. He was a good cricketer and all-round athlete, and a most promising young officer, much liked by his brother officers. Our portrait is by Dumaresq, Guernsey.

In our issue for June 30 we mentioned that at a skirmish at Karee Siding Trooper Firth of Lumsden's Horse paid the penalty of an act of great courage with his life. We are glad to state that this turned out to be incorrect. Corporal Firth, though he was supposed at the time to have been killed, was, it appears, taken prisoner. His parents have received a letter from him giving an account of his capture, dated Waterval (near Pretoria), May 7, and stating that he was in good health and had received very kind treatment from the hands of his captors.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

WHAT seemed the invulnerable torpidity of the House of Commons at the present epoch was suddenly pierced by the appearance in the *Times* of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's story of the breakdown of hospital service at the seat of war. The member for Westminster does not enjoy the full confidence of the House. It is one of those cases where, by odd obliquity of the public mind, he does not quite get justice done to him. Members of the House of Commons think of him less by the name he assumed on his marriage, than by the fact that he is the brother of Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett. That being so, it is regarded as inevitable that he should be touched with the infirmity of exaggerated speech and action. Nevertheless, his allegations were so specific that conviction was forced on unwilling hearers that though there might be a good deal of smoke there was some fire beneath.

Coming down on the day after the letter was published Mr. Balfour found himself faced by half a dozen questions wanting to know whether these things were true, and, if so, who was to be hanged? Arrangements had been made to move the adjournment, in order to discuss the matter as one of urgent public importance. The situation was threatening for the Government. They are responsible for the state of things disclosure of which shocked the public mind and conscience. If they resisted a motion for the adjournment it would appear as if they were afraid to face the accusation. Mr. Balfour met the crisis with a courage and rapid decision that prevented further complications. He volunteered to set aside the following night for full discussion of the matter. To that end what is the smallest vote ever moved in Committee of Supply was invented. It was a vote of 54 on account of the Army Medical Service. It sufficed for the purposes of the occasion.

There was, by comparison with ordinary occasions, a full House when Mr. George Wyndham, radiant in summer suit, rose to offer Ministerial defence. He performed his difficult task in a manner to add to his steadily growing Parliamentary reputation. The temptation to pooh-pooh a member who is not exactly popular, to dwell on the manifestly exaggerated tone of his letter, to uphold the Medical Department as flawless, was strong to the Ministerial mind. The Under Secretary for War happily avoided them. At

the very outset he admitted that to some extent Mr. Burdett-Coutts's story was true, "lamentably true," he added. But in order to obtain a full and fair view of the situation it was necessary to take a broader view than, for sensational purposes, had been convenient to the *Times* correspondent. In vivid language Mr. Wyndham sketched the position of Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein, with an army of 75,000 men, worn out by forced marches, sick and hungry. Between them and their daily bread stretched hundreds of miles of country, with bridges broken and



DRIVER HARRY GLASSOCK



MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY



GUNNER ISAAC LODGE

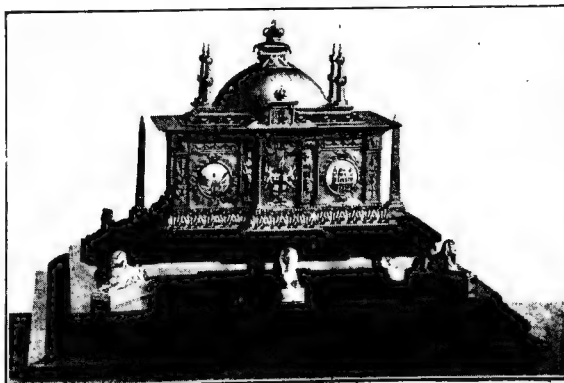
THE GALLANTRY OF Q BATTERY, R.H.A., AT KORN SPRUIT: THREE V.O.'S

the railway lines torn up. In order to meet their requirements it was necessary to bring into camp a thousand tons of material a day. In such circumstances there must necessarily be privation and discomfort, and the sick got their full share.

The crowded House tried its best to be satisfied; there remained an uncomfortable feeling that with better organisation and keener foresight much misery might have been averted. The Government had the enormous advantage of having the case against them in ineffective hands. For two hours Mr. Burdett-Coutts rambled round his subject. Just when he began to make an impression with a particular story, he was off on some side issue. An abler speaker, having at his disposal material collected by the member for Westminster, and compressing his speech within the limits of half an hour, would have shaken even so strong a Government as that with which the country is just now blessed. The most striking testimony to the real strength of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's case is that when, at the end of two hours, he resumed his seat, the considerably diminished audience sadly felt that there was something in his story.

For the rest the House has been plodding along making steady progress with Government measures. What from the modest programme originally put forth promised to be a barren Session already bears considerable fruit. The Front Opposition Bench has practically effaced itself. What criticism Government measures suffer come from the back Benches, and is rarely pressed to the point of a division. It is quite a common thing for a couple of important measures to pass critical stages at a single sitting. On Monday night, for example, the two earliest hours of the sitting, very nearly a quarter of its full length, were occupied with discussion of a private Bill. More than half a hundred questions made a big hole in another hour. Yet the Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed the report stage, and considerable progress was made with the Agricultural Holdings Bill. With regard to this latter Bill, the Government's enemies are those of their own household. One of the most pungent critics is Mr. Bowles, who amused the House by citation of some of the absurdities of its drafting. It certainly is a most remarkable literary document, which, if added to the Statute Book in its present form, is likely to furnish much employment for counsel and judges.

Of more serious import are the apprehensions of Lord Hugh Cecil. He has observed with concern that, whilst they sneer at the Bill, gentlemen opposite are exceedingly ready to help it forward. Lord Hugh's classical education teaches him to fear the Greeks when they bring presents. In his most impressive manner he warned the President of the Board of Agriculture of the suspicious attitude of the traditional enemies of the harassed landlord, and besought him to give friendly consideration to amendments drafted by the landlords' friends. The Attorney-General meekly promised that the warning should not be lost, a little scene that greatly amused gentlemen watching it from the other side.



The casket which contained the Corporation's address of welcome to the Khedive is eighteen carat gold, and the design of the casket is in a style suggestive of Ancient and Modern Egypt. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street

CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KHEDIVE BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON

V.O.'s for Q Battery

MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY, of Q Battery Royal Horse Artillery, Sergeant Charles Parker, Gunner Isaac Lodge, and Driver Henry Glascock, all of Q Battery, have been awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry in the ambush at Korn Spruit. The action in connection with which the decoration has been given is probably still fresh in public memory, but may be briefly summarised.

On March 31, 1900, a British force, including two batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery, was retiring from Thaba Nchu towards Bloemfontein. The enemy had formed an ambush at Korn Spruit, and, before their presence was discovered by the main body, had captured the greater portion of the baggage column and five out of the six guns of the leading battery. When the alarm was given Q Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, was within 300 yards of the Spruit. Major Phipps-Hornby, who commanded it, at once wheeled about and moved off at a gallop under a very heavy fire. One gun upset when a wheel horse was shot, and had to be abandoned, together with a waggon, the horses of which were killed. The remainder of the battery reached a position close to some unfinished railway buildings and came into action, 1,150 yards from the Spruit, remaining in action until ordered to retire. When the order to

retire was received Major Phipps-Hornby ordered the guns and their limbers to be run back by hand to where the teams of uninjured horses stood behind the unfinished buildings. The few remaining gunners, assisted by a number of officers and men of a party of Mounted Infantry, and directed by Major Phipps-Hornby and Captain Humphreys, the only remaining officers of the battery, succeeded with infinite difficulty in running back four of the guns under shelter. It now became necessary to risk the horses, and volunteers were called for from among the drivers, who readily responded. Several horses were killed and men wounded, but at length only one gun and one limber were left exposed. Four separate attempts were made to rescue these, but when no more horses were available the attempt had to be given up, and the gun and limber were abandoned.

After full consideration of the circumstances of the case the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa formed the opinion that the conduct of all ranks of Q Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, was conspicuously gallant and daring, but that all were equally brave and devoted in their behaviour. He therefore decided to treat the case of the battery as one of collective gallantry under Rule 13 of the Victoria Cross Warrant, and directed that one officer should be selected for the decoration of the Victoria Cross by the officers, one non-commissioned officer by the non-commissioned officers, and two gunners or drivers by the gunners and drivers. Our portrait of Major Phipps-Hornby is by Martin Jacquette, South Kensington, and that of Driver Glascock by Charleton and Son, Newbridge.



MR. WYNDHAM ON HIS DEFENCE

THE ALLEGED ARMY HOSPITAL SCANDAL: THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD



MR. W. BURDETT-COUTTS TAKING NOTES

THE ALLEGED ARMY HOSPITAL SCANDAL: THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE note in this column with regard to the Golden Cross seems to have created considerable interest in various directions and I have received many letters on the subject. Mr. W. H. Hilton, in the course of a most interesting communication, says:—"The second Golden Cross had an archway giving on the Strand for some years after 'Boz' wrote the 'Pickwick Papers.' I remember well my first visit to London, which was in February, 1846, when I stayed at the hotel in question. I remember that it had then an archway opening to the Strand, and that the entrance to the hotel was under the archway on the right." My correspondent thinks there is no doubt whatever about the first inn having an archway, and believes that was the hostelry Dickens had in his mind when writing of the start of Mr. Pickwick and his friends. He says:—"If you will refer to 'Old and New London,' Vol. III., page 127, you will find there a view of the old hotel as it existed in 1750, directly behind the statue of King Charles, and looking down Whitehall. An archway, or coachway, is there shown, and a coach duly loaded coming out of it." This seems to bear out my view of the question, and would appear to thoroughly harmonise with Mr. Jingle's remark to Mr. Pickwick with regard to Whitehall.

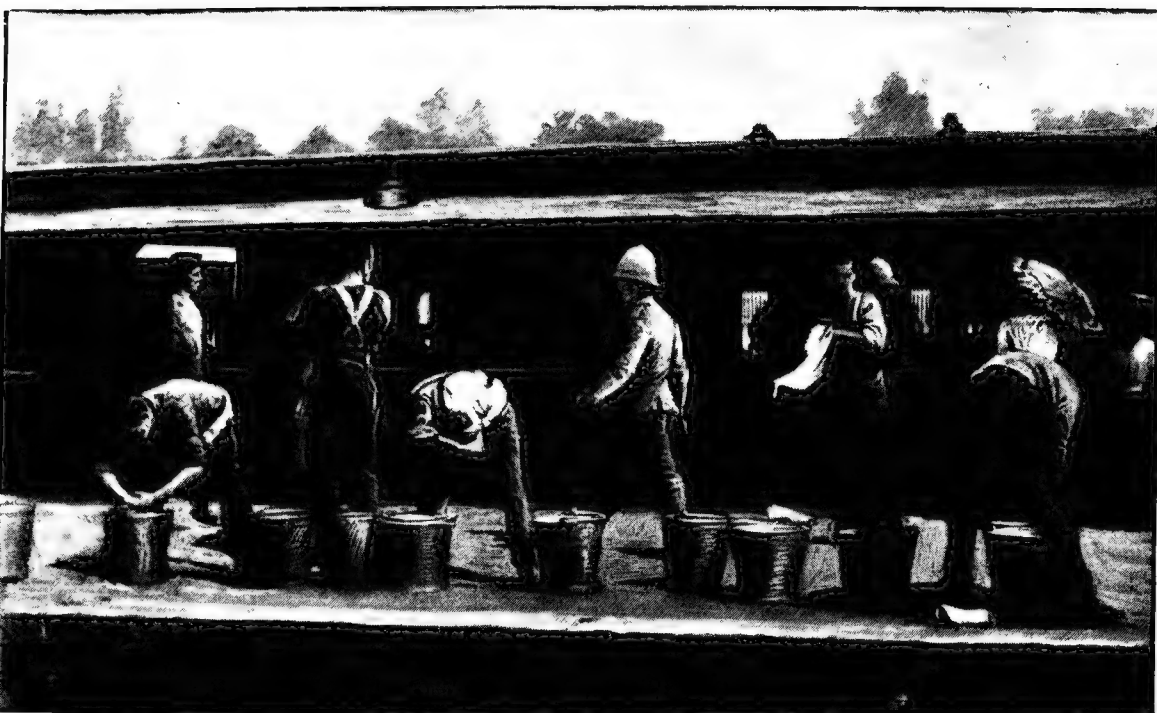
Why is it that people seem to utterly disregard the rule of the road on a public staircase? In the street they invariably observe the sensible regulation of keeping to the right, and all goes smoothly and pleasantly, but directly they find themselves on a flight of steps they seem to suffer from mental aberration, and rules of the road seem to be lost in a state of hopeless confusion. Some seem to think the banister was especially designed to guide descending steps, others fancy it was erected to assist in supporting those on the upward path. Consequently continual collisions are occurring, and polite but vacillating persons are everlastingly setting to one another—as old-fashioned dancing masters used to say—and stand an excellent chance of finding themselves well bumped at the bottom of the flight before they have made up their mind which side they ought to take. Why cannot they understand that the ordinary rule of the road applies to staircases as well as pathways?

The door-to-door transit of luggage—that is to say, having your luggage fetched from your own house—and delivered to its destination without any personal interference on behalf of its owner—promised to be the most useful institutions of modern times. Last year it was prodigiously successful, and the number that availed themselves of this privilege was greater than ever. Was it for this reason, may one inquire, that the charge for the conveyance of baggage of this description has been increased a hundred per cent.? The charge was formerly sixpence per package—it is now a shilling. I am inclined to think this is about double what it should be. However, the system is so delightfully convenient that one might feel inclined to pay even this high charge if the plan were thoroughly efficient. The arrangements from London to the provinces appear to be infinitely better than those from country to town. At many country places they only forward this kind of luggage once a day, and often by one of the latest trains. There is also a difficulty in London in knowing which receiving house collects for a particular railway. It is a pity all these things cannot be simplified and organised, for this latest notion of the railway companies might be made of the greatest advantage to the public.

When is the building-rage to cease? Will nobody try and stop it before the growth of vegetation has been checked, the health of the people injured, and the whole of England converted into a hopeless, insanitary mass of bricks and mortar? I see that Gomer House, the late residence of the author of "Lorna Doone," with the orchards surrounding it, at Teddington, will shortly be sold and cut up for building purposes. Those who have passed by it lately, and have noted the charm which the glory of green and the beauty of blossom has diffused in a quarter that is rapidly losing its rural characteristics, will, indeed, lament the sacrifice of these pleasant orchards. It will be but a poor compensation to find in their stead a few streets closely lined on each side by smug, self-satisfied, newly built villas, obtrusively flourishing their modernity in the face of the passer-by.

What jocose people are those known under the comprehensive title of "the authorities." They generally select the height of the London season for their most facetious performances. Just lately they have been enjoying another hearty laugh at the expense of the British public. They have selected the middle of June, when the traffic is at its greatest, and the Park is looking its best, to repair the Bayswater Road, and that important thoroughfare has been entirely blocked from the Edgware Road to Stanhope Street, and all wheeled traffic has been sent round through unaccustomed streets and squares. Why do not the authorities select the winter season for their merry jests? Then perhaps the British public would be able to see where the laugh come in.

No one seems to be quite clear as to the improvement likely to take place shortly with regard to the postal arrangements in London. In the matter of late posting, London is considerably behind even the small provincial towns. At most of the latter you can post till eight or half-past, and it is difficult to understand why the same advantage cannot be secured for London. But if instead of this we have, in future, to be obliged to post at half-past five instead of six, it strikes one as being distinctly retrogressive and a movement in the wrong direction that the Post Office can scarcely afford to make. I have looked every time I have posted letters in my especial pillar-boxes, but I see no notice whatever of the rumoured changes. So perhaps the threatened alteration will not take place after all. Anyhow I continue to post letters in my old way. Probably this accounts for many of my communications being delayed in transmission. I believe there is no truth in the report that the title of the new office is about to be changed to Mount Unpleasant.

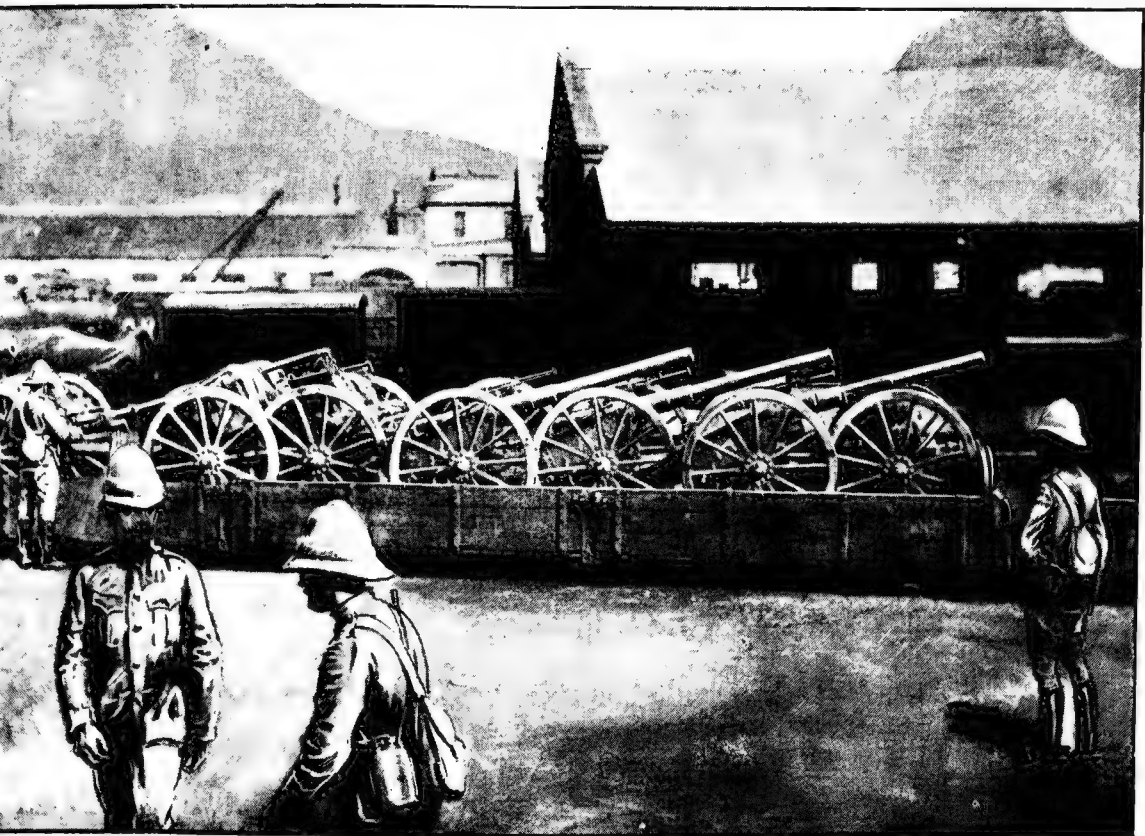


A Correspondent writes:—"After travelling all night we reached Cradock Station, where we were glad to get a bit of a wash in some pails which had been put on the platform ready for us." Our photograph is by Major H. J. Barnes, R.A.M.C.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT



ENTRAINING THE ELSWICK BATTERY AT SPRINGFONTEIN: A LAST LOOK AT THE HORSES



The Elswick Battery is the most modern battery and the guns have the longest range of any guns of their calibre in existence. Our photographs are by Mrs. Watts

THE ELSWICK BATTERY FOR THE FRONT: THE GUNS ENTRAINING AT SPRINGFONTEIN

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34 lb. IN 22 DAYS.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest phlog for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonials for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks) from the commencement of following your system I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It has been known for some weeks that many supporters of the Government insist that the General Elections should be held whilst the country is still influenced by the war in South Africa, and that several Ministers are opposed to this proposal. The anti-foreign outbreak in China had weakened the position of those who are in favour of an early dissolution, and the accusations made by Mr. Burdett-Coutts against the War Office have almost completed their discomfiture. The kaleidoscope of events is changing patterns so frequently that it is more difficult than it usually is to foresee what the immediate future may be expected to produce, but, as matters stand, it is improbable that the Government will dissolve until Lord Roberts returns and is accorded the public reception which it is proposed to give him.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts is a witness whose evidence cannot be ignored. He is the husband of Lady Burdett-Coutts, who has devoted much of her own time, energies, and resources to improving the condition of the sick, and who is a prominent authority in the hospital world. Mr. Burdett-Coutts is a member of Parliament, and he visited South Africa as special correspondent of the *Times*. That he may occasionally, and in comparatively unimportant matters, have formed mistaken impressions is probable, but many private letters from the front, which were received before his contributions to the *Times* were published, gave accounts which tallied in every respect with those that Mr. Burdett-Coutts has now given.

It is to be expected that soldiers may write cautiously home, but there are many officers—especially in the Yeomanry regiments—who can afford to describe events without fear of consequences. The private letters of many of these have been circulated through the drawing-rooms and clubs of the West End for several weeks past, and some of them contain accounts of the treatment of the sick at the front which do not vary in any material facts from the description provided by Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

The circumstances of war, of course, affect men differently. Several officers have returned home with their nerves completely destroyed. Some of them are haunted by the dread of bullets, and even a fly buzzing past makes them start. A large number of those who have returned are suffering from rheumatism, which may never be entirely removed from their system. Others, though they may be affected in other ways by the experience, find that their digestion has benefited greatly by the simple living. It is curious that many Yeomanry officers, who had previously lived luxuriously, write to say that they are in better health and spirits than they ever were. It is also singular that whilst many who were comparatively weak have benefited by the hardening circumstances of the campaign, others who were especially strong have succumbed.



COUNTRESS SOPHIE CHOTEK



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND

THE AUSTRIAN MORGANATIC MARRIAGE
An account of the wedding appears on page 2

It is said, by those who have the best opportunities of ascertaining the fact, that several clubs are on the verge of being compelled to close their doors. The war has, of course, seriously affected many of them, and, indeed, less money has been spent in luxury this year than on any other occasion in recent times. Members who are absent in South Africa do not pay the subscription, and where thirty or forty are absent the subscription is ten pounds, that entails in itself a loss of some hundreds. It was hoped that the absentees would be back in the summer, and then the subscription could be collected, but were the troops to return only late in the year the various committees could not be so mercenary as to collect the sum due from members who had fought for the country.

Exhibition Gittings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE run of good luck of the Exhibition in the way of Sundays was this week broken. All Sunday last it poured from morning to night. The result was a falling-off in the attendance. The week before a total of 450,000 had been reached, and it was hoped that the record half-million would be attained. This, however, the Clerk of the Weather took care to prevent. Of course there were crowds of people, but almost entirely provincials or foreigners. Special trains had brought them by thousands to Paris to see the Exhibition, and, wet or dry, they had to see it. But wandering about the grounds under dripping umbrellas is not a cheerful way of spending the day, and there was certainly a lack of anything like *entrain* or enthusiasm.

In the evening, however, there was a slight improvement, and the open-air concerts were able to take place. These always attract large crowds, but their pleasure is greatly interfered with by the persistent fashion in which the chime of bells in the Palace of Metallurgy spoils the finest pieces of music by persisting in indulging in noisy peals. If, too, it played in tune, one would object less, but one note in five is false, and the time is simply non-existent. When the splendid band of the Republican Guard is in the midst of the overture to "Semiramis," a noisy performance of the "Marseillaise," on jingling bells does not add to the pleasure of the audience.

The various Congresses held in connection with the Exhibition are being well attended. They are of most bewildering variety—geology and vegetarianism, agriculture and anti-tobaccoism, political economy and deep-sea fishing, every branch of human activity and most of humanity's fads are represented. One of the most important of all—that of agriculture—is sitting this week, and has brought together a large number of delegates from all countries. It meets in seven sections and will continue its discussions for eight days. M. Jean Dupuy, Minister of Agriculture, presides, but, of course, the ruling spirit of the Congress is M. Jules Méline, the ex-Premier, and the great apostle of protection.

One of the most interesting competitions in connection with the sporting and scientific programme of the Exhibition which is being anxiously looked forward to is the attempt to circumnavigate the Eiffel Tower with a steerable balloon. The prize offered is 100,000 francs, and one competitor has already entered, M. Santos-Dumont. His balloon is a cigar-shaped one, and is driven by a motor like those used in automobiles. The aeronaut is seated on a saddle like that of a bicycle, and starts the motor by working on two pedals.

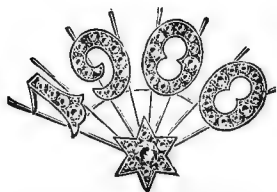
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New Novels

"A MARTIAL MAID"

ANNE ELLIOT, whose "Dr. Edith Romney" no doubt remains in many memories, has obtained fresh combinations from the apparently inexhaustible subject of lost memory. "A Martial Maid" (Hurst and Blackett) is a decidedly good story—seldom, indeed, has justice been at a greater disadvantage than in the case of Claire Bertram's attempt to bring a stranger's child to his rights, and never has an apparently losing fight been fought more gallantly, if often more discreetly. One fails to see how it can possibly be won; but won it is, and without the help of a single incident to detract from the purely personal interest of the battle. The construction is largely of the dramatic order, in other respects than the leading up to the general assemblage of all the leading characters for a striking dénouement; and the same kind of scheme is apparent in the arrangement of the characters, with its running accompaniment of village comment and gossip, male and female. The portraiture, though subordinate to the story, is none the less of a kind to strengthen a plot which is quite strong enough to have stood alone.

"A LOYAL LOVER"

There is always pathos in wasted self-sacrifice, and certainly there never was such a waste of it as in the case of Venetia Payne, the too loyal sister who concentrates the interest of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's "A Loyal Lover" (C. Arthur Pearson). She goes to the extreme length of marrying an odious rascal whom she detests as the price for his giving up to her certain letters supposed to compromise her sister Elsie, only to find that no such letters had ever been written. As Elsie herself was obviously unaware of their existence, it seems rather an oversight on Venetia's part not to have insisted on their production before paying such a price for them. But, alas, for novelists, if common sense were as indispensable for a heroine as less lasting charms. What added to the hardship of poor Venetia's failure was the conduct of Elsie in letting it be thought that so unaccountable a marriage was a measure of self-defence instead of self-sacrifice. Fortunately, however, absence of common sense is of the less importance in that ideal world where it is the right people who die at the right time, and where—as in Elsie's case—a character may be changed almost as easily as a gown. And so Mrs. Cameron has found no difficulty in bringing a pleasantly written story to a pleasant end.

"THE TIGER'S CLAW"

There is so much that is entertaining in Mr. G. B. Burgin's "The Tiger's Claw" (C. Arthur Pearson) that it seems almost ungrateful to express disappointment with it as a whole. The best method of reading it is not to trouble about the story, which is too suggestive of Dickens when not at his best, and to regard the

volume as a collection of amusing character sketches by no means unworthy of their model. The eccentric old lady who pretends to be dead and buried in order that she may test the use a nephew, who has never seen her, will make of an instalment of her fortune, starts a plot which in its tragedy, its sentiment, its comedy, and in its group of characters—the grave Lorimer Blount and his gay and lively friend Monty Grey; the murderous maniac Simmons; "Father Muddles;" the office boy with the tell-tale name of

general tendency to make game of that triumph of evolution, the contemporary novel, and of the contemporary novelist still more.

"THE LEGEND OF EDEN"

Mr. Harry Lander's "Eden," of which he set forth the "legend" (C. Arthur Pearson) proves to be situated socially in Bohemia, and locally in "Black's Inn Square"—why he should deepen the obvious Gray into Black we cannot tell. Its Adam is one Jack Leith, a hitherto unsuccessful playwright, who, posing as an annuitant in a very small way, employs a fortune of 15,000*l.* a year in secretly playing providence to his genuinely impecunious comrades. How it was that not even the sharpest of them guessed his identity with a fictitious and invisible Omeroyd in whose name he dispensed his benefits, will puzzle even the bluntest reader. The part of Eve is triply represented: by Miss Connie Caldycott, the greatest actress of the time, from whom Leith is held apart by the venerable secret of an undissolved marriage with a woman who had deserted him in the days of his poverty; by a lovely and lively artist's model, who inspires a comic lover to achieve a whole-page illustration for the *Graphic*—a triumph which she considers to be greater than a place on the line at Burlington House; and by the young wife of one of the *coterie*, who brings discontent with bachelorhood among its apparently most hopeless votaries. The cleverly sketched characters work out among them a little comedy which is nearly as amusing as it is extravagant—which is saying a great deal. Perhaps, however, the theatrical completeness of the poetical justice that closes the story will seem to some readers more probable than it does to us, and we hope it may.

"THE FOOTFALL OF FATE"

Mrs. J. H. Riddell has for so long accustomed her readers to work of so high a class that inevitable disappointment with "The Footfall of Fate" (F. V. White and Co.) amounts to a compliment in its way. Apparently she is much more at home among the by-

ways and by-lives of the City than in the silly gossip of a silly village like Abbotsmead on the Thames—a place which "fortunately," we are told, "is not so well known as many a more pretentious riverside resort." "Fortunately" indeed: so fortunately that Mrs. Riddell would have done it a kindness to leave it in its obscurity. The good young Irish curate, who is the principal victim of its chatter, suggests less Fate's Footfall than its Football. The footfall, possibly, is supposed to follow a certain mysterious Mrs. Lyle, who had killed her husband under circumstances that demanded a verdict of "Serve him right." The jury by whom she came to be tried so far did their duty as to acquit her on the ground of accidental homicide, whereupon the judge peremptorily pronounced her guilty, and sentenced her to death. Whether any inquiry was made into the state of his lordship's mind we are not told. We shall, of course, look forward to meeting Mrs. Riddell again—but not if it is to be in the neighbourhood of Abbotsmead. There is a good deal of the City left still.



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"Squivens," bears out the same unavoidable comparison. And the materials are so good in detail as to make one rather wonder that Mr. Burgin should have found no better way of putting them together.

"THE GIRL WITH THE FEET OF CLAY"

Mr. Edgar Turner's *jeu d'esprit* with the above title (John Long) is genuinely, if sometimes not very good-naturedly, amusing—we profess to say "if" rather than "because," though it must be owned that without its sauce it would amount to little. The first part of the volume consists of characteristic adventures "With Dedications"—that is to say, to the respective authors of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," of "Three Men in a Boat," of "Many Cargoes," of "Rupert of Hentzau," of "The Sorrows of Satan," and of "The Raiders," and "to him who sits at the Sign of the Ship," and others. The second portion is made up of a miscellany of short sketches and tales, some of an ordinary kind, but with a

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Music

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT THE SAVOY

"THE ROSE OF PERSIA" has had a satisfactory run of six or seven months at the Savoy, and it was on Saturday replaced by *The Pirates of Penzance*. These revivals of former Gilbert and Sullivan successes are from time to time very welcome; and perhaps eventually they may pave the way to the conversion of the Savoy into a Gilbert and Sullivan "Repertory" theatre, in much the same way as one of the opera houses of Vienna is practically devoted to the music of Johann Strauss. The dozen or more operas of Gilbert and Sullivan might, indeed, be perennially running at the Savoy, for the sake of country visitors and of London theatre-goers who may like to be sure of securing a hearty laugh and of listening to refined music. As *The Pirates of Penzance* is a short work it would almost repay revision and amplification. For one thing, the principal comedian's part, that of the Sergeant of Police, is, perhaps, the least important which has ever fallen to the lot of Mr. Passmore since he became chief actor at the Savoy. On the other hand, the contrast between the Pirate King of the old-fashioned story-books, and of Skelt's "British Drama," and the modern Major-Jineral, who,

When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by Commissariat,
When I have learned what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nursery,
In short, when I've a smattering of elementary strategy,
You'll say a better Major-Jineral has never sat a gee,

is as funny as ever. The merriment is increased by the fact that Mr. Gilbert's Pirates are incapable of taking advantage of a man who claims to be an orphan, and that the Major-Jineral is conscience-stricken because he has pretended to be an orphan when he is not one. Mr. Gilbert's love of paradox is further displayed in the character of the Pirate apprentice, who has been bound till his twenty-first birthday, which, as he was born on February 29 in Leap Year, will not occur for many years to come; and in the parts of the Major-Jineral's daughters, who eventually pair off with the Pirates, when it is found those bloodthirsty individuals are neither more nor less than disguised members of the House of Lords. The successes of the revival, indeed, are the Major-Jineral of Mr. Lytton, dignified and impassive, with all his love of fun, and the excellent singing by Mr. Evett as the apprentice, and by Miss Isabel Jay of the part of the Jineral's daughter Mabel. Miss Jay has rapidly risen to the front at the Savoy. She is a charming singer, and has likewise become a delightfully fresh and unsophisticated actress. She is at the head of an extremely pretty party of the daughters of the Major-Jineral, who eventually pair off with the Pirates, and, indeed, as the opera has been freshly remounted by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and has been placed upon the stage under the personal superintendence of Mr. Gilbert himself, there is no reason why it should not enjoy a successful run; at any rate until the new Irish opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing in collaboration with Mr. Basil Hood is ready for production in the autumn.

THE OPERA

We have now bidden adieu for the time to *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the second cycle of which finished last Friday, although an extra performance of *Siegfried* was given on Monday.

The principal feature of the second cycle of the *Ring* was the co-operation of Frau Gulbranson, the *prima donna* from Bayreuth, who had, however, already sung here at one of Mr. Curtius's concerts. Frau Gulbranson takes a broader and more melodramatic, if less tender, view of the character of Brünnhilde than Frau Ternina and some of her other predecessors. In short, she adopts the old

acting point of view, but it is none the less interesting on that account.

Puccini's *La Tosca*, which will be the only novelty of the present opera season, will be produced next Thursday. The work is, of course, based upon Sardou's drama, in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt has won so much success, and in which, it seems, next season M. Coquelin will play the villain, Scarpia. Frau Ternina will be the Tosca.

PADEREWSKI AND COWEN'S "CONCERTSTUCK"

The concert season has now reached high-water mark. Perhaps the most important production of the week was that of Mr. Cowen's "Concertstück," given by M. Paderewski at the final Philharmonic Concert. It is, to a certain extent, a rhapsodical, but a cleverly constructed, piece, in five movements linked together without break, and the pianoforte part is not only brilliant but extremely difficult. The audience, of course, wildly applauded it, though it seems that one of their reasons was to induce M. Paderewski to play as an encore something "without the orchestra." Accordingly, there was even louder applause when he again sat down at the piano, and gave a delightful rendering of Chopin's Etude in E, No. 3 of the first book, Op. 10.

MR. FARJEON'S OPERETTA

A clever little operetta, entitled *The Registry Office*, was produced by the Royal Academy of Music Students at St. George's Hall on Friday, from the pen of Mr. and Miss Farjeon, the son and daughter of the novelist, and grandchildren of Jefferson the actor. It introduces a chorus of servants, and a good deal of fun is made at the expense of mistresses who are reduced to great straits in seeking the services of these domestics.



The Royal Cup, promised as a gift from the Queen to the city in commemoration of her visit to Dublin, has arrived at the Mansion House. Fashioned after the loving-cup style in solid gold, the cup is eighteen inches in height, and, exclusive of its handsome handles, is three feet in circumference. On one side the cup bears the following inscription: "Presented by Queen Victoria to the citizens of Dublin as a memento of Her Majesty's visit to the Viceregal Lodge, April, 1900." Above this the City Arms and Motto are inscribed. On the other side the Royal Arms are emblazoned. The cup weighs 160 ounces, and was manufactured by Messrs. R. Gerrard and Co., Haymarket, London. The cup rests on an ebony stand eight inches high, inlaid with gold.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT TO DUBLIN

reading of the part by Frau Materna, its original interpreter at Bayreuth. It is very robust, in stage presence as well as from an

A MEMORIAL CHURCH AT PIETERMARITZBURG.—The Bishop of Natal pleads for subscriptions for the Memorial Church which has been partly erected in the Natal capital, and towards the completion of which Lord Roberts has just contributed 100/. The Bishop writes:—"The nave has already been built, chiefly by private subscription, though with a contribution of 1,000/. from the War Office. The church is intended as a memorial to those who have fallen in the various wars of which Maritzburg has been the base—the Zulu, Boer, and Matabele wars. The total cost of the nave was 4,000/. Plans for a chancel and tower have already been prepared. These additions are badly wanted, as the nave is not sufficient to accommodate the troops who use the church. The cost of the chancel and tower will be 2,500/. It is proposed to raise this as a memorial of the war of 1899-1900. This appeal is addressed not only to those who have lost relatives, but to the public generally, on whose behalf our men have laid down their lives. If the friends of those who have fallen wish to add special memorials of a more personal character a scheme of stained glass windows has been prepared, which will secure a certain harmony of colour and design. Each window will not cost very much, as the lights are small. A brass tablet can be placed below the window. Further information on this point can be obtained from the Rev. F. S. Baines, Church House, Westminster. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Evans, Secretary of the Natal Missionary Association, Church House, Westminster; to Captain Acland (late R.E.), Woodmansterne, Surrey; to the Rev. F. S. Baines, or to myself at Bishop's House, Maritzburg."

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"The 'Oberland' to China"

MR. COLQUHOUN'S book arrives very opportunely at a moment when the eyes of the whole world are focussed upon China, and when the great Powers of Europe and America, to say nothing of Asia, have combined to settle the destiny, perhaps the very existence, of the third greatest empire of the world, and to solve the question of what is known as the "Yellow Peril."

There are few, if any, men who can claim to have a greater knowledge of China than has the author. During the last twenty years he has made many journeys in that country, both north and south; he has explored the south-west provinces and their borderland towards India; he has served through the French Tongking Campaign as correspondent of the *Times*, and as recently as 1896-97 made a careful study, on the spot, of the political and financial changes in progress in the Chinese capital.

Speaking of that great factor in the Chinese question, the Trans-Siberian Railway, which when finished will connect in one unbroken line the Baltic and the China Sea, he says:—

The enthusiasm of the Russian Government and people for this grand enterprise is not without reason, for since the discovery of the Cape route to the Indies by Vasco da Gama, almost since the discovery of America by Columbus, no human achievement has been so pregnant with consequences to mankind at large.

The Siberian Railway possesses an importance far beyond its merely industrial, commercial, or even strategical uses, immense as these are, beyond the territory of Russia itself. For with it is interwoven the whole chain of causes destined to entirely revolutionise the Far East.

These considerations induced the author in 1898-99 to undertake another journey, and to further increase his knowledge of China and the Chinese question. On this occasion he visited Siberia and the border lines of China on the north, and passed across the latter country from north to south. He journeyed from European Russia to the temporary terminus of the railway at Lake Baikal, and thence by Eastern Mongolia to Peking; subsequently travelling up the Yangtze River as far as its navigation limit, after which he proceeded southward, by way of Kweichau and Yunnan to the Red River, completing his journey at Haiphong.

He travelled in all some 7,000 miles, chiefly overland, the journey being accomplished by means of rail, tarantass, camel, camel-cart, and mule-litter, native Chinese boat, saddle-pony, mule, and Sedan chair. He says that the fact that such a journey was made within a period of seven months affords a striking proof of the changes which are in progress, and of the rate at which distances are being annihilated in Asia. In the near future the whole journey from Europe, via Peking, to Central Asia will be accomplished, by means of the railway, in fifteen days. Another item to be taken into consideration will be the small cost of the journey, a cost so moderate that it will allow of thousands of "foreign devils," to whom the necessarily high fare at present charged by the steamship companies prohibits a journey to the Far East, to reach China with ease. At present, says the writer, a first-class fare by mail steamer to Central China (say to Shanghai) costs just over 70*l.*,

whereas the expenditure for the journey overland will amount to less than half this sum, made up as follows:—

Express from London to Russia	£ 7	0	0
Rail to Port Arthur	11	10	0
Cost of meals, &c.	8	0	0
Steamer, Port Arthur to Shanghai	6	0	0
Total	£32	0	0

Valuable as is this work as a "book of travel," it is immeasurably more so as giving some insight, some enlightenment respecting what is happening, and what will happen in China in the near future if the British Government is not more energetic, more prompt in looking after her interests in that part of the world, and less undecided and less shilly-shallying in her dealings with the Chinese, and, more particularly, with the other European Powers who are pushing forward their influence and their interests very much to our prejudice.

After fully describing the improvements that have taken place in Siberia within the last few years, the increase of its population, the new facilities of transporting merchandise, and also its great richness in native produce, Mr. Colquhoun gives the following warning to commercial England:—

A new era is dawning for Siberia . . . Good communications, with accessible markets, will soon throw her, armed at all points, into the commercial arena. The gravity of the prospect can scarcely be overrated. The awakening to life of a whole fifth of the world's surface, long thought dead, must necessitate no slight readjustment among the other occupants. And when, with the dawn of the twentieth century, the new challenger enters into the world's lists, it will not do for the Anglo-Saxon to plead that he had had no notice of the jousts!

In his chapters on Manchuria, the writer informs us that the majority of Chinese *litterati* and officials are under no delusion as to the price to be paid for Russian protection—viz., absorption—gentle absorption, it is true, but none the less real and permanent.

The confessed aim of the Russian people, who look upon themselves as the coming race, is the "sunny and golden South." "China is our India," is the frank avowal of a Russian Statesman whose influence is great, and such is the spirit animating a large section of the Muscovite bureaucracy.

The ulterior motive of Russia in acquiring Manchuria is, therefore, obvious. "What a base for further operations!" remarked a German officer in Siberia, with a deep-drawn sigh.

In the concluding chapter of the work, Mr. Colquhoun states the conclusions at which he has arrived in the course of his travels. After enumerating the possessions the different Powers have acquired in China, and commenting on their value to those who have annexed them, he says:—

Meanwhile entire provinces, especially in the Yangtze region, are seething with rebellion, which meets with hardly any opposition. Nominally still alive and in full operation, the organism of the Chinese Government is hardly perceptible, and is unable to cope with foreign aggressions. The trail of the foreigner is on the land from north to south. The Western Powers have come to stay, and the extension of the present spheres is merely a matter of time. Internally, the forces making for rebellion on a grand scale are daily gaining strength, and once they realise that no power exists to suppress them, will usurp in vast regions the office of Government.

The author condemns the hesitating policy that Great Britain has followed since the Chino-Japanese War: "The spirit of resistance has alternated with the spirit of benevolence. A policy was, at one time, announced, based on the idea of preventing annexations by other Powers, of abstention from British annexation, and of free trade for all. But when the other Powers have begun to annex, Great Britain has to follow their example. The visionary scheme of the 'open door,' a scheme which could only be enforced as far as

the other persons might please, has been abandoned, and has not been succeeded by any comprehensive plan. Meanwhile, in the Yangtze Valley, the 'so-called British sphere,' no step has been announced which looks like a plan for protecting our interests." According to Mr. Colquhoun, the present position appears to be thus:—

Great Britain has obtained from the Chinese Government, in the form of treaty rights and of concessions to British subjects, a number of legal or legitimate bases for claims in China . . . but nearly all these claims will prove to be of no practical value unless they are made good by actual enforcement. They are legal titles against the world, but in order to be effective must be made good by action—perhaps by force.

Later, in speaking of Japan as a possible ally, he adds:—

There is also a growing belief (in Japan) that Britain is irresolute, because she herself feels doubtful as to her power to defend her interests in Asia. Britain's power at sea is acknowledged, but that they believe to be *relatively* declining, for Russia and Germany, already the most powerful military nations in the world, are now making abnormal efforts to become sea-powers on a grand scale, and Japan herself is making the greatest sacrifices to equip herself as a maritime power. And while these military nations are trying to turn themselves into sea-powers, Britain is doing nothing to build up an efficient Army, as a counter-balance, or even to increase her naval strength on a commensurate scale.

The problem which faces Great Britain, and must also be of immense consequence to the United States, is at the present time

How to oppose by means of diplomacy, and, if necessary, by force of arms, the policy of Russia and France, not improbably supported covertly by Germany.

The author warns us continually and earnestly to prepare. In his concluding paragraph he says:—

There is no disguising the fact that a period of intense and increasing energy is about to begin, and must be met by preparedness, to be ready for a conflict which is more than probable. It is time, therefore, that Britain and the United States should interest themselves and decide on some common plan.

This is by no means Mr. Colquhoun's first work on China. He has studied the Far Eastern question carefully for many years, and understands it thoroughly, and if Great Britain is to keep up her prestige, her influence, and her trade in China, she cannot afford to disregard his warnings and his counsels.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE rainfall of June was not greatly over the average, but there were districts where thunderstorms added an inch to the ordinary record. Wheat has now received quite sufficient moisture to carry it into harvest, and the need of this crop is for more bright sunshine and for sustained heat. The plant is now in full bloom and greatly wants calm, warm, and settled weather. Crop estimates are appearing, and thus far are pretty well agreed in anticipating a yield of from 29½ to 30 bushels. We shall confine our own expressions to a hope that such a promise may be verified. The growing barley is of very poor appearance, and is already regarded as certain to be below the mean in quality and bulk alike. The oat crop has markedly improved during June, and may be a full average in grain though it is short in the straw, and the hot July needed to give the corn cannot lead to much straw growth as well. Haymaking is in progress, and the yield is fair. The changeable pastures are yielding better than the permanent meadows. Farm hands are scarce, and farmers are paying prices which must affect the profit on production very seriously. There is a big crop of strawberries,



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* "The 'Overland' to China." By A. R. Colquhoun. (Harpers).



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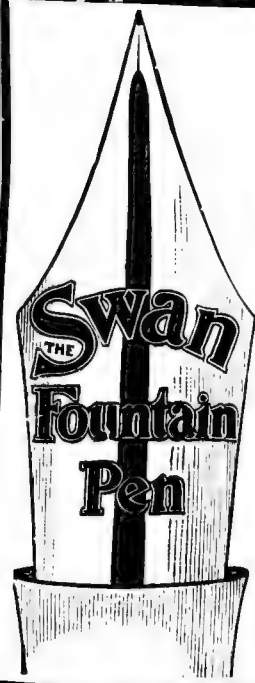
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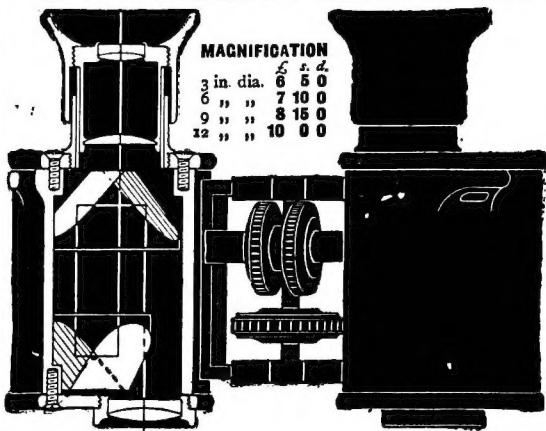
whereas thirty years ago the price was 25*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*, and twenty years ago it was 33*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* The average price of an ox is 18*l.* exactly. The previous prices were from 17*l.* 5*s.* to 19*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The price of a cow is 15*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*, against a range of from 15*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* to 17*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* Here, it will be seen, is a clear decline. The returns of average prices realised for sheep are very vague as they include lambs. The returns for oxen and cows are separate and do not include calves. Averaging sheep and lambs together we get a present price of 17*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* each, against 2*l.* 7*s.* ten years ago, two guineas twenty years ago, and 1*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.* thirty years ago. But the total number of lambs sold in proportion to sheep may have increased to an extent to cause the difference. We are bound to enter this caveat, though our own opinion is that the figures really indicate what they appear to show, viz., a declining price. The improvement in our cattle, horses, and sheep during the last thirty years has been steady, but it is to be feared that the retrogression in prices has not been stopped, so that superior stock now fetches rather less money than in the sixties and seventies was realised for inferior animals.

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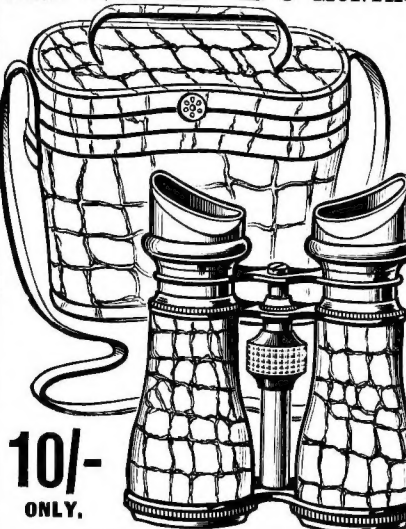
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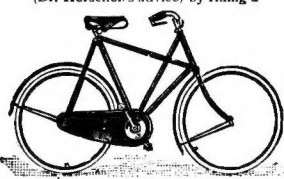
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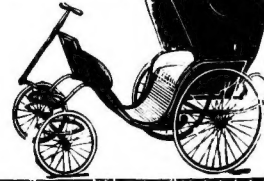
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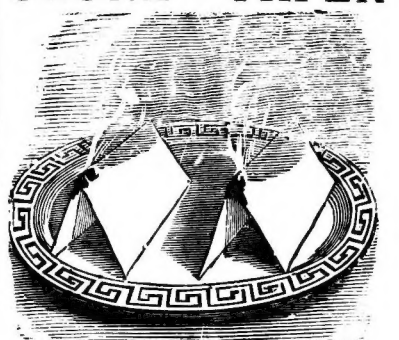
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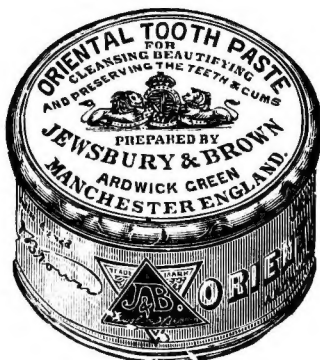
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